

Vaccination

AND

Other Rhymes.

BY THOMAS DUXBURY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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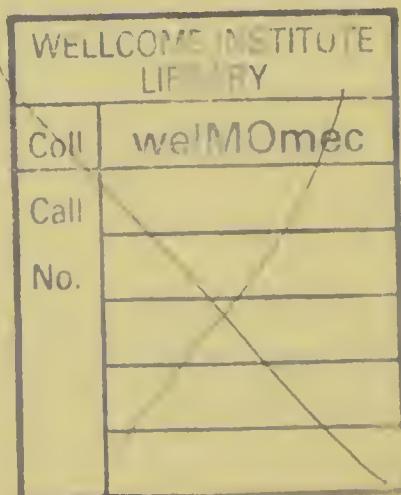
MAY BE HAD FROM THE AUTHOR,
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BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



FSC.AI (2)

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P R E F A C E.

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Yours, &c.,

T. D.



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VACCINATION AND OTHER RHYMES.

VACCINATION.

Vaccination, 'noculation, cow-pox, seed or yeast,
Doctors differing which is best, the Pox from man or beast ;
Poles no greater distance show, than doctors are asunder,
Latitudes we must exhaust or spare the lancet blunder.
First one cicatrix was quite enough (no one needed more),
Then two of course, was orthodox, then three, but now its
four ;

And since we mostly vaccinate, from peasant to the Queen,
Some have six well marked vesicles, and some exceed six-
teen.

At first one vaccination, would protection give for life,
But now they must *re*-vaccinate each husband, child, and
wife ;

First it was with horse grease, but now 'tis pox from cow
or calf,
Oft-times 'tis tinged with humar pox, and sometimes half
and half.

At first salvation was complete ; (from small-pox none need
die) ;

But now, 'twill only mitigate ; thus, Jenner preached a lie.
At first this vaccination but its one disease could give,
But now, not only syphilis, but other evils live.

And this in spite of great reforms made by the healing art ;
In losing once (sic) remedies, known as the bleeding part,
By which Lord Byrom's life was lost, in hist'ry may be
seen ;

The Duke of Kent's* was also lost (the father of our Queen)

*The Duke of Kent, it is said, was bled in 1820, having over 100 ounces of blood
taken from him in a little over four days.

By purchase and producing powers, by sanitary laws.
 We health and comfort may maintain, helped by the Tem-
 p'rance cause.
 Let none then vaccinate their child, but spurn its beastly
 charm ;
 The blood of life's a sacred thing, and must be kept from
 harm.

FREEDOM.

Faint not, press onward, God is yet alive,
 The seeds now sown, thy tears must help to thrive ;
 'Tis lightning's flash that ripens Autumn's grain,
 And Heaven itself drops fatness with its rain.

'Tis winter's frosts, along with April showers,
 That coaxes earth to yield us fruit and flowers :
 From mountains high the coolest water flows,
 And some sharp thorn oft bounds the richest rose.

So freedom's battle through edge-tools is won,
 And liberty, when darkest, nears the sun ;
 Through bleeding sires we've reached the dawn of day,
 Still we the beastly vaccine lymph must slay.

By freemen's votes we'll storm the House again,
 Through flood and fire we'll focus nerve and brain,
 Nor stay our hand till proud Coercion's gone,
 And Heaven approves by plaudit thus—“*Well done!*”

PURE LYMPH.

Lymph, corruption's very essence,
 By outraged nature spewed,
 Is re-inserted in the flesh,
 And sometimes oft renewed.

Thus, to reject the ill effects,
 Much needful force is spent,
 And the little child, by wan disease,
 To Heaven again is sent.

(Pure) lymph, the scum from festering sores,
The yeast of num'rous ills,
The grave's (bird) lime which doth resist
All med'cines, quacks, and pills.

(Pure) lymph, from small-pox'd cow or calf,
From scrof'lous man or child,
Encircled with diseases foul.
To which small-pox is mild.

(Pure) lymph, oft fat with redd'ning shame,
With seeds of guilt and crime,
With syphilis, inherited
From wild oats sown in prime.

(Pure) lymph, accumulated rot,
For which there is no cure,
Nature's excrescence, filled with stains,
That nature must endure.

Let parents then avoid this sin,
Keep youthful blood from harm,
And poison not the fount of life,
But scorn the fatal charm.

Then man, for whom our Christ hath died,
Will have some chance to rise,
And reach the home from whence he came,
His God and Paradise.

THE VIRTUE OF A NAME.

When dark is light, and day is night,
Then lymph may be quite pure.
When virtue's vice, and filth is nice,
Clean dirt we may secure.

When kindred seed fresh kind doth breed,
Lymph may be respected
While vaccine yeast cull'd from the beast,
Should be still rejected.

When words express a curse to bless,
Corruption's covered o'er,
When thoughts are used, and truth abused,
The lying's doubly sore.

When broken hearts and fractur'd parts,
Theimselfes can well renew,
Then one disease whiche'er you please,
May cure some ill in view.

When man in prime lives through all time
And girls join hands i' th' moon,
When British youth in deed and truth
Live up in a balloon.

Then lymph and dirt may act their part,
In curing ills of man.

Then senseless grace and pock-marked face,
Puts science under ban.

WHY DO THE CHILDREN DIE?

To MR. T. KING (BARNOLDSWICK).

Your note, dear sir, is now to hand,
You ask me in reply,
To state in rhyme the reason that
So many children die.

To me the query seems reversed,
The greater task is why
So many children live at all,
And not that many die.

Some children die from accident,
And some are scarcely born,
Before by wilful negligence
Their whole of life is shorn.

Some victims are to ignorance,
Of husband, and of wife,
Who never knew the science, of
Various grades of life.

Some little lambs we know will pine,
When mothers go to mill,
For want of parent sympathy
Their voice is hushed and still.

Some little ones have life crushed out
By lingering ills and cares ;
Some babes by honest poverty,
And some by length of years.

Some children by drugs and pills,
Their life no longer shines :
But by *inoculation*, one
In ev'ry five declines.

Some tainted long before their birth,
If truth one must not blink,
The nation as a whole's diseased
With dirt, and lymph, and drink.

With brains and body soaked in beer,
With moral filth and crime,
The wild oats of her peasantry
And lords, sown in their prime.

These spread about and sown in flesh,
We kith and kindred reap,
Hence brain, and moral power, and health,
And life are held so cheap.

We vaccinate our little ones
With ills, that health may thrive,
While first and vaccine year reveals.
An extra* death in five.

These are the reasons children die,
The best that I can give ;
A greater wonder 'tis to me
So many children live.

*The Registrar General's Returns, No. 433, Session 1877, also No. 392, Session 2nd 1880, proclaim (coincident with vaccination) that for every 4 deaths formerly, we have now five, of children under 1 year old.

Yet this proceeds from babe to babe,
 From year to year it goes,
 Still Christian men rest silent,
 Few daring to oppose.

The Church is leagued in silence too,
 Both Protestant and Rome,
 While hell itself's so merry, with
 The rich ripe *Harvest Home*.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

Knowledge is great power and strength,
 Prolific too for good,
 Serves many noble aims, 'tis true,
 When rightly understood.
 Though prostituted oft, to serve
 Some evil deed or cause,
 To foster vicious ills at times,
 Or win vain man's applause.

The vivisection war, once strong,
 Now forced to popular terms,
 By Pasteur is outstripped, in
 Search for cholera germs.
 Twelve living patients and ten corpse
 Were analysed, 'tis said ;
 The ejecta, excreta, and
 Intestines of the dead.

The blood by microscopic test
 But nothing there was found,
 So ejecta, and excreta,
 Became the battle-ground ;
 And though micro-organisms,
 In plenty did prevail,
 All efforts cholera to induce
 Most utterly did fail.

Experiments were plenteous,
 And great minds then were led
 Inoculating animals,
 And mice on germs were fed ;

Though putrifying sores were seen
No cholera was induced,
While nature and her God alike
By searching were traduced.

Experiments made on poultry.
Like rabbits, dogs, and cats,
For cholera proved abortive, as
On monkeys, pigs, and rats,
Though baccili was used as food,
And 'stered with the lance,
Not cholera, but putrid ills,
Were seen at every glance.

What then is proved but ancient truth,
That disease germs but grow
On soil prepared by constant tread—
By constant ebb or flow?
From all uncleanness sown in flesh
Grows kith and kindred too,
While filth surrounding hearths and homes,
Disease and death renew.

So would I press the grand advice,
First breathed in eastern climes—
“Wash and be clean,” this faileth not,
The med’cine of *all* times.
This is the science all should teach,
The knowledge man should greet;
Then dirt, disease, and Pasteur
From Egypt will retreat.

FETTERED FREEDOM.

Compulsory vaccination
Is not the science wise men teach,
But that England’s patriot sons,
Should have the choice within their reach.
Christian men with consciences
And hearts with human suffering sore—
Abhor the ill-judged penalties
That only can oppress the poor.

I question not the countless ills,
Nor supposed virtues of this rite ;
But ask one single thought, if we
Should not compulsion soon indict ?
Vaccination, what lymph, or beast,
Or form, I care not to define ;
And though compulsion now doth reign,
I claim the right of choice as mine.

We Englishmen are freely born,
And for that freedom long have fought
Against, not God, but fellow man
Who has for gain this evil wrought.
By this compulsion, vaccinists,
Their highest duties oft ignore,
And scorn dissenting brethren
As Christ Himself was scorned before.

By vaccination none are safe,
At most 'twill only mitigate,
And e'en this mitigation, both
Disease and death doth generate.
By compulsion, a special charm
Is entwined round vaccination.
Blinding its friends to actual facts,
To disease in ev'ry station.

By compulsion, moral suasion,
The *platform*, *pulpit*, and the *press*,
Are substituted by police ;
And we've diseases more, *not less*.
By compulsion, sober, thoughtful,
Loving Englishmen lose sway ;
Good and law-abiding parents
Are taught by it to disobey.

A bad example thus is set,
Good laws are brought into contempt,
A war with consciences is raised,
From which no parents are exempt.
Still the law is disregarded,
Parents degraded, robbed, and fined,
Then by chronic insurrection
Our country's weal is undermined.

Let voice, and vote, and influence,
With ev'ry effort be arrayed ;
Erase the law of tyranny,
That dirt, disease, and death be stayed.
Then a future generation
Will thankfully accord thy due,
And earth, and Heaven be made to smile
On thee, to man and Maker true.

PARLIAMENT AND COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

The eighteen members who voted with Mr. P. A. Taylor whilst constituting but the thirty-sixth part of the voting power of a House of 652 members, yet represent nearly one-ninth of the registered electors, and one-twelfth of the population.

The last debate by many thought
Disastrous to repeal,
The death blow of *compulsion* was,
As facts and truth reveal.

Though eighteen members who did vote
(With tellers and with pairs),
These greater power than numbers show,
Each with the country bears.

These eighteen Spartans brave and true,
One seventeenth but show
Of all that voted in the House
From gangway or below.

Though only one in seventeen,
Yet counting every man,
'Twas only one in thirty-six,
If the whole House we scan.

Yet these eighteen good men, oft first
In morals and in thought,
One-ninth of the electors serve—
One-ninth of all that vote.

And though these men, by one in nine,
 To Parliament are sent,
 One-twelfth of Britain's populace,
 These eighteen represent.

Hence from these eighteen noble men
 (The Cromwells of our land),
 We see the germs of freedom spread,
 And grow a mighty band.

And soon (events are ripe and prove)
 Compulsion must be hurled,
 For action and reaction too
 Have seized the Christian world.

JULIA CLARKE.

AN ACROSTIC.

J ust six and twenty years this very day,
 U nited with maternal bands you lay ;
 L iving, an emblem of creative skill,
 I n God's own image made to do His will,
 A nd subdue earth to Heaven's bright design.

C rystaling all good by influence mild,
 L eading with grace and meekness as a child
 A ll efforts for redeeming God's lost sheep ;
 R oundly striving His holy will to keep.
 K nowledge and truth with earnestness be thine,
 E ndowed with love's a natal wish of mine.

DAVID'S MYTH.

Suggested by a satire written by Mr. *David Smith*, of Accrington.

Not mine to dream while wide awake,
 Preach sermons fill'd with pith ;
 Far humbler aid content to give,
 And smile at David's myth.

While some are born on earth to shine,
 Have thrones and kingdoms shook,
 'Tis mine to serve young David's sling,
 (The pebble from the brook).

While some can boast the race horse skill,
And mighty deeds do hail,
'Tis mine to save the little ones,
(Not crush the fabled snail).

Though some can boast their lineage,
Ancestors great and small,
'Tis mine to use my common sense,
For common good of all.

Though some may serve beyond the sea,
And rival cannon's might,
'Tis mine to serve the Innocents,
(The baby's battle fight).

Though some may sneer with bitter scorn,
Yet dare not 'tack one's views,
Not having legs to stand upon
The plaintiff must abuse.

Though some may prune and trim the trees,
Bend nations to their will,
'Tis mine to save the little buds
From vaccine frosts that kill.

In all commingling here below,
Of morals, men, and things,
The worst comes always uppermost,
And charms us while it stings.

Let none then seek to vaccinate,
Since this is understood,
Whatever be their end or aim,
It's taxing young life's blood.

When nature you impose upon,
With matter *seeming* fresh,
You're tampering but with God's design,
Which leaves a thorn in flesh.

Though some may shear the full-blown rose,
Reap flowers that bloom on plain,
What wisdom carves these little buds
Before they strength can gain!

Though you're in faith with vaccine laws
Compulsion to decree,
What thoughts or knowledge of your own
Can wisdom be to me?

Have not the best in every age
From minute portions grown?
So tyranny, tho' black as hell,
The cloven hoof hath shown.

Did Luther, Cobden, Burns, or Peel,
Perform their task alone?
And dost thou, David (future king),
Require no little stone?

Did Christ not chide the elder ones,
And counsel them to be,
Like children, humble, meek, and mild,
Before they Heaven could see?

And may not e'en a daisy meek
Adorn the common field?
May not a tiny buttercup
Its little fragrance yield?

Have these not brightened many a child,
And sweetened life's dull way?
Far better thou a millstone had
Than thou such ones should slay.

Go, work in any vineyard; then
Climb even Olive's Mount,
Ascend the hill of Zion bold,
But poison not life's fount.

Give all the freedom thou wouldst claim,
Give every truth a glance;
But smite oppression where 'tis seen,
Compulsion drive to France,

Mind not the speaker, nor his garb,
The truth that's spoken sift,
Give thy best thoughts to weakest ones,
(Thy fallen brothers lift).

Then, if thou wish to break a lance,
Or challenge right as wrong,
Then I (the weak one of the earth)
Will try confound the strong.

And though not doomed to 'noculate
The humour of a Smith,
My soul eschews the beastly lymph,
And smiles at David's myth.

THE PEOPLE'S RETROSPECT.

(Suggested by the Leicester Demonstration, March 23rd, 1885.)

We've swept the seas in days gone by,
And still can clear the main,
We fought King John at Runnymede,
(And sons are sires again).

We waged the withering Corn Laws' strife
With Cobden and with Bright ;
We stormed the Church Rates' citadel
With God, and truth, and right.

We've won for *Hodge* what long was his—
The birthright of each man ;
We've journeyed through for freedom's sake
Both Egypt and Soudan.

We cheered the weary Livingstone,
Hold high our Cromwell's name,
And British sons (their worthy sires)
Were never made to shame.

We've won the right divine of kings,
We've cleared the Poll Tax too,
And Leicester friends to-day have fought
The children's Waterloo.

We fight for babes (our hearthstone flowers),
That purest blood may flow—
The hearths and homes of England, where
Our hero spirits grow.

Then clear the track, with faith and works
We're for St. Stephen's bound ;
Compulsion's walls, like Jericho's,
Must tumble to the ground.

Then let us each with heart and soul
Still work, and vote, and pray,
Till lancet, lymph, and moral filth,
Be bound in chains away.

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE & THE COMPULSORY VACCINATION ACTS.

Ilkeston men, my soul doth bleed,
And heart is quite unstrung,
That Liberal Watson should estrange
Himself from vaccine wrong.

I long have known his genial face,
And long his name adored,
In mem'ry, heart, and wind he's been—
Till now, a king and lord.

I long have worshipped at the church
Where eyes will moistened be,
While sitting at the shrine, that boasts
By name and nature free.

What do we ask? does not their weight
Exceed all marriage Laws ?
What greater curse on earth exists,
Than these foul vaccine laws ?

Here mind and matter, morals, men,
Form an unholy brace,
And where both saint and sinner join,
Their fruits will each disgrace,

The laws of nature (laws of God),
Assert the self-same fact,
When evil thoughts (disease) is brought,
The good's not long intact.

Just as in morals, so in fruit,
Vice doth from virtue draw,
Just so in politics and men
The rot from soundness grow.

All nature runs on even lines,
No truth can truth convict,
For God of nature's God of truth,
Himself can't contradict.

What, then, of matter, lymph, or yeast,
The rot (brave nature's spawn)
The sounder body that it meets,
The more of rot is grown.

And but that living nature gives
(To hearty and to hale),
The power to heal the vaccine sores
Soon none would tell the tale.

What, then, of Watson, good and bray,
He's got one fest'ring sore
That taints his polities all through,
And taints his freedom more.

The greater and the better man,
(The better food for rot)
The leaven, seeming small at first
Will soon ferment the lot.

And since *all* things contagious are
Some less, some little more,
I fear your brightest friends may be
Soon tainted o'er and o'er.

And though you would around your necks
Compulsion's halter twine,
By this same act you *rob* and *steal*
The choice from me and mine.

Yet this I ask, as common friends,
Your bold and full consent
That I be free from med'cines bonds,
Though choosing to dissent.

I ask again, is *man* and *mind*
Beneath the marriage cause?
Should we be free to choose the one
While crushed by vaccine laws?

Who, then, the friends of Lib'ral are,
Or hale and hearty be,
Must strike for truth right earnestly,
That vaccine slaves *be free*.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

We'd played and romped from childhood up,
Had Susan Jane and I;
At school with tasks we mated were,
Affections thus ran high.

Each day like dew in sunshine sped,
A moment and t'was gone;
Thus five and twenty years had pass'd,
When Sis and I were one.

At spindle and at loom we toiled
For twelve good months or more,
When Jim, our first and loviest babe.
Was added to our store.

Our path with pleasures then was spread,
And joys flowed fast and free;
We dreamed that near to Heaven itself
This earth of ours must be.

With care we tended, nursed, and trained,
Our little one for life;
Our guileless souls ne'er thought of ill,
Nor whispered once of strife.

We watched its growth from day to day,
Till ten full months had passed;
Then limbs of law said loud, and thick,
" You'll vaccinate at last."

With doubts and fears of boding ills,
We bought the fatal charm,
To save from (may be) future pain,
The present filled with harm.

The work was fierce, for there a corpse
In five weeks and a day,
From fest'ring ills of moral taint
The child and mother lay.

The putrid lymph from baby's chin
Had pierced the mother's breast,
And she who ne'er had sinned before,
Was sent to her long rest.

Now life's a blank, I only wish
Their new made grave to share ;
For though the spindle claims my hand,
I've heart and interest there.

And thus it is by *Christian* laws,
The heart's with anguish torn ;
And thus it is by *Christian* votes
That " man is made to mourn."

Thus Jenner's fame is handed down
With deeds as black as hell ;
But Jenner's filth on heart and mind
No human tongue can tell.

THE BLACKBURN TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

Mr. Winskill's history asserts the Blackburn Temperance Society on the basis of total abstinence was formed April 16th, 1835. Mr. John Marquis signed on Tuesday, April 14th, 1835, and is therefore believed to be the oldest publicly pledged abstainer in Blackburn.

The Temp'rance Jubilee is near,
Time swiftly speeds along,
A half a century has gone
Since abstinence was sung.

'Twas in the days of Corn Law strife,
 This social war began,
 And old John Marquis, hist'ry says.
 In Blackburn was first man.

'Twas in the month of April true,
 In eighteen-thirty-five,
 That Preston men to Blackburn came
 And set the cause alive.

Then here's to Livesey, Finch, and Teare,
 And Old John Marquis too,
 To Swindlehurst, and Anderton,
 With all the Preston crew.

When Blackburn lads the truth had gripp'd,
 It ever must abide,
 And by the pledge her travelling scots
 Spread prestige far and wide.

Taese rough-hewn men, on lecturing tour,
 First started Paxton Hood,
 Who nobly braved the earliest days,
 And gleaned for them much good.

These horny-handed noble men,
 They work'd with might and main,
 And those who've donned the bits of blue
 Are simply garner'd grain.

And shall not this their golden year
 Be sung out far and free?
 Shall temp'rance men by shades of blue
 Forget their Jubilee?

Shall Old John Marquis, brave and true,
 Still plead, and pay, and be
 Without one hearty shake and wish
 Upon his Jubilee.

Will Blackburn sons who love their sires,
 Not clearly, plainly see?
 That moral worth wins back its own,
 And has its Jubilee.

LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF A PARCEL OF FLOWERS.

Dear Bar'lick friends, I now must say
My thoughts are fixed on you to-day,
For I, last night, 'twixt largest hours,
Received per train the choicest flowers.

The giver, yet unknown to me ;
The gift (God's Book) I plainly see—
A leaf from nature quite outspread,
With God on every page and head.

Truth is the emblem which I see,
Reflected by these flowers to me.
Life's also seen in varied forms,
As summer fruits, from winter's storms.

The laws of life, and goodness too,
Are clearly marked in every hue.
Their scent, and tints, on human hearts
Are reproduced in equal parts.

What else on earth so much as flowers
Show forth a God, and prove His powers ?
The natural fruit of nature's laws ;
The milestone marking each good cause.

Accept the thanks of me and mine,
For flowers so rich and choice and fine ;
A gift more pleasing, true, and neat,
Could not be made, nor smell more sweet.

Their colours soon we did arrange,
And sent a few to Mr. Grange,
Who thanks you much, and hopes right quick
To meet his friends in Barnoldswick.

Please think of me to each and all,
And say I'll soon give them a call.
Remember (that there be no sting)
Friends Thornber, Eastwood, and our King.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO MAMMA'S GRAVE.

Still sacred to me is this lonely green spot,
Where now rest the remains of one who is not ;
The lifeless cold clay of a friend who is fled.
The dust of my mother, still dear e'en though dead.

Yes, I think of her now, though then but a child,
How fond of the flowers she was that are wild ;
I think of her kindness, her love, and her smile,
As I sat in her lap, she nursed me a while.

How disease, and then death, bid us (loathly to) part,
When he snapped the mainspring of her once beating
heart ;

I think of her gladly, with pleasure and glee,
And dream of her fondness and care over me.

The wound was a great one, the blow was struck deep ;
For life 'twill be sacred, this place of her sleep ;
She spoke then but slightly (the summons had 'come')
But she spoke of new life beyond the cold tomb.

She told us quite plainly to Heaven she'd go,
And bid me, her Wilfrid, to follow her ; so
I love this one spot, though lonely it be :
A spot ever sacred, and dear 'tis to me.

I now pledge on this grave my life it shall be
Devoted, dear Saviour, to Heaven and Thee ;
And ask thee, dear Jesus, to point out the way,
And proportion Thy strength to my weakest day.

JOHN MARQUIS.

(Died March 18th, 1886).

AN ACROSTIC.

J oined to his friends across the flood,
O nward he pressed, and nobly stood,
H onours that few could well sustain,
N ot aiming high, which few disdain.

Mark thus the course he humbly trod,
And trace his steps through earth to God ;
Right from the sick to helpless need,
Quiet he worked ; no note or deed.
Unchained, his soul to heaven is gone,
In worlds of lust he victory won,
Such was his task, and such " well done."

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

Being in substance the Address of the Anti-vaccinators
to the Liberal Candidate, in Dec. 1884.

Dear friends I question not the viciousness,
Nor would I speak of vaccine rights ;
I quarrel not with Government, though taxed,
For facilities it indites.

Compulsion to me's intolerable,
A burden heavy to be borne,
At war with all ideas of freedom,
For which our fathers lives were shorn.

Compulsion usurps parental instinct,
(A primary and right divine) ;
Compulsion is a fire brand, that pierce
Your hearts, your home, your babes and mine.

Compulsion is a greater crime, than that
For which the First Charles lost his head,
Greater than that for which the Second James
His kingdom, crown, and country fled.

Greater than that for which George the Third: some
Portion of his domin'ons lost,
When American friends and relatives,
For British yoke, had freedom tossed.

The County Franchise, Manhood Suffrage, Land
Reform, the Church from state quite torn,
All fail the sacred right and privilege,
Of calling *house* and *child* my own.

Vaccination yet undefined, varies,
 On no true basis does it rest,
 We know not what we do inoculate,
 Nor what is cow-pox at its best.

We know that vaccine virus oft has failed,
 To work out even moral good ;
 We know its left diseases in its train,
 Which other causes never could.

We know not on what principle, doctors
 Who are themselves but creatures too,
 Can improve the work of their Creator,
 And by disease check ills in view.

We know there is scarce a medical man,
 In city, hamlet, or in town,
 But may be black-ball'd for results,
 (The same if Gabriel came down).

The doctors differ and are wide apart,
 Nor settled is their vaccine creed,
 Whether *one* or *twenty* vesicles
 Is best, to them's a task indeed.

Some assert, many thousand living cells
 Exist in every vaccine pock,
 Each one will take and carry forth disease,
 Which gives the system quite a shock.

Some declare from small-pox the country's saved,
 A thing quite seen through at a glance ;
 Forgetting that we once did 'noculate
 With small-pox virus and the lance.

Every healthy person in the state,
 Doctors, women, priests, and nation,
 Became one living focus of disease,
 Happily changed for *sanitation*.

Whole villages and districts then had pox,
 Such as they never had before,
 The deaths were great, now thanks to men with
 votes,
 The small-pox virus is no more.

Statistics our opponents oft will quote,
 And its various quirks they show.
 ('Tis the doctors, that give certificates,
 From which our small-pox figures grow).

All men of med'cine are not scientists,
 Sure the reverse will prove the rule ;
 Some think but little for themselves, and scarce
 Survive the teachings of their school.

Besides, the history of medicine
 Is but a record filled with change,
 Doctor Carpenter's but a book maker,
 His knowledge has no wider range.

Doctor Playfair's not a medical man,
 Though versed in chemical science,
 He's bound by medical constituents
 To repay their glad reliance.

We *may* have less small-pox than formerly,
 But this important fact is shown,
 While this disease is *only less*, others
 More loath, and foul, and black's *unknown*.

Leprosy once infested England through,
 As now India and Norway,
 But without compelling 'noculation,
 That ill is quite unknown to-day.

Though one may favour *simple*, very much
 Against *Compulsion* may be said,
 Against man, or any body of men,
 Driving physic in your head.

Why make *Compulsory* one remedy ?
 Or be by Allopathy led,
 When we have herbal, Homœopathy,
 Also Hydropathy instead.

Is it right ? or politic ? or wise ? that
 Poor-law Guardians of the land,
 Should bid by force their fellow-townsmen come,
 Where rarely ought but criminals stand.

Shall we enforce a medical dogma ?
And stop a theologic creed ?
Shall we even save the body ? while we
 Make heart, and soul, and conscience, bleed.

Shall parental affection thus be torn,
 And parents' judgement rendered nil ;
Shall sacredness of health, and homes, and babes,
 Be robbed, against the parents' will.

Shall hearts and manhood thus be trampled on
 We ask (along with weeping wives),
Shall we be only *serfs* and *slaves* at Home ?
 The *core* and *centre* of our lives,

We ask ye christian men of England,
 Your *hearts*, your *votes*, your *voice*, your *pen*,
To free us from this grievous yoke, and
 Restore our birthrights back again.

We ask in faith this commonwealth, nor are
 Our Hampdens or our Cromwells gone,
Though dead, their moral sun can never set
 Till man to man sees justice done.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

For days there had been actual pleasure and glee,
And guessing if *Santa Claus* lived up a tree,
The school had broke up, the boys had come home ;
The youngsters with zeal they would rattle and roam.

A peep at shop windows their minds did inflame,
And kindled desires for things they would name,
They each had their bath, and were glad to retreat,
(When evening had come) from the frost biting street.

The house then resumed its own quiet once more,
The stillness of peace, reigned from ceiling to floor,
Says I to their mamma, " Just let's have a peep,
We'll find each and all of them fast in their sleep."

“ Now step in quite gently,” see what have we there?
“ Why Mary’s blue stockings, she’s hung up a pair,”
“ Her Sunday ones too, they’re so nice and so trim,
And these are our Lawson’s, so truly like him.”

“ Yes Harriet’s are hanging, down from the door peg,
There’s Alfred’s, and Wilfrid’s, a hole in the leg,
Just look in at baby, I heard the lads say,
They’d hang up his stockings so often, to-day.

Those pink ones are his, see they’re hanging up there,
He’s sleeping so cosy, so young, and so fair,
His cheeks are so dimpled, so rosy, and bright,
He’s quite a Home Ruler, though quiet to-night.”

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
‘Tis Christmas, the bells have rung in the glad morn,
With carols of life, every breeze is now borne,
What shouting, and tramping, on next chamber floor,
The children are buzzing from room to room door.

We’ve oranges, apples, and pinafores neat,
We’ve toys by the dozen, and spices so sweet ;
“ They’re coming, they’re coming, they’re in our room
here,”
“ Where’s Norman’s socks dada ? I see them up there.”

“ Come baby to Wilfrid, we’ll take you down stair,
There’s Auntie’s room, Alfred, let’s run him up there.”
So baby and children, to Auntie’s room sped
To find the door fastened, she’s still in her bed.

Such mirth, and such marlocks, were played on their
part,
Not sex, nor yet caste, could divide them in heart,
For old father Christmas, *St. Nicholas* had sent,
To see how the little ones’ festive was spent.

NATURE’S ONE GREAT LAW.

‘Tis false to say that smallpox lymph
Will e’er arrest disease ;
It is not true that vaccine rot
Its kind will kill with ease.

All nature teaches the reverse,
The wise alone can see
That rot (decay) of every hue
Lives on the best and free.

In vegetables each, and kind,
The tainted act on sound.
Dragging to earth the finest fruits
That ever man has found.

The moral and the mental world,
Teach us the self-same truth ;
'Tis evil thoughts (when spoken out)
That taint our British youth.

The rot (decay) hath greater power
The more decayed it be,
In apples, morals, mind, and men,
Ill weeds will up we see.

The finest and the soundest fruit
Are better food for rot,
From lymph (when mind and matter meet),
'Tis death, not life we've got.

Decay, in nature never can
Act on the equal rot,
'Tis only on the great and good,
(The part that's tainted not).

And so disease can never act
Upon disease, but health ;
It never builds, but pulleth down
The man or nation's wealth.

And if our fruits were mixed with rot,
Say like our hearth stone flowers,
'Tis certain (freed from sap and stem),
They'd droop with April show'rs.

And were it not that God still gives
(Our little ous must fail)
Nature recuperative power,
Soon none could tell the tale.

Then spare the lymph and lance, it needs
 No prophet to predict,
While God of nature's God of truth,
 He can't (self) contradict.

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE AS OTHERS CHOOSE.

This vaccination none can know,
 (It never was defined),
There's differing lymph, and mode and marks
 In every doctor's mind.

No scientific form is known
 Within the British Isles,
Where doctors vaccinate, or how
 It brings forth Gospel smiles.

When God created man at first,
 And breathed that he might live
With every seed to sustain life
 He but one portal gave.

No boring 'neath the skin was known,
 Nor diseased matter then,
Has wisdom left our Maker now ?
 Is God excelled by men ?

If blood to keep it well preserved,
 A network then was found
In palate, stomach, and the nerves,
 Assimilating round.

Is that which enters not the blood,
 By stomach as of yore,
But climbeth in some other way
 One thief and robber more ?

And should the laws of God or man,
 (Discordant as they seem),
Be forced by man on fellow-men,
 Or should each choose his cream ?

Though some may tax their well-filled purse,
(For value they've received),
There's few would tax the conscience stern
For ills the heart has grieved.

Then call we on each Christian man,
With voice, and vote, and pen,
To win for *hearts*, and *homes*, and *child*,
Our birthrights back again.

THE UNIVERSAL LAW.

Tis night, all nature is at rest,
Resigned to God's own will,
Who whispers to the troubled seas
Of daily toil—"Be still."

Yet mind in faucey's thought is wrapt,
Surveying landscapes o'er ;
Gleaning the future from the past
Well-fed historic store.

The laws of nature (laws of God)
Thus speak out prompt and plain ;
The skin that's cut and carved in life
Must bear the cost and pain.

The laws of life, which hold the scales
Of justice ever true,
Can ne'er be dodged, hoodwinked, or bribed—
(The swindler pays his due).

In morals, this same law obtains,
Like but begets its like ;
Christ's Sermon on the Mount sets forth
They will be struck that strike.

In social and domestic life,
Affection breeds the same ;
Goodwill towards each fellow-man
Affords us a good name.

In corporate capacities,
This simple Heaven-born plan,
But metes to each and every one
The peck he metes to man.

And very near to Heaven we soon
This earth of our's might see,
If man would treat his fellow-man
As he would treated be.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

We live in a crucial, critical age ;
To weigh in a balance is all the loud rage ;
The Bible, the Queen, constitution, and throne,
Are placed in the scales and their failings are known.

The doctors, as priests, or as popes have long been,
On guard at health's temple, disturbing her reign ;
Our sixpences, pussy, and coats, though threadbare,
Are seats of disease, for infection sits there.

The singer, the sweetmeat, the health-blowing breeze,
Are centres of evil, say men for their cheese.
Our churches, and chapels (as many can tell)
Breed death and damnation, bad morals as well.

But doctors with lancet, with lymph, and disease,
Are angels of mercy, go where they may please,
From child-birth to death-bed of sinner and saint,
In court, lane, and alley, 'tis health that they'll paint ;

Though science may change (of course) doctors change
not,
From lancet, pills, potion, 'tis health that they've got ;
From blood-giving Byron to England's fair Queen.
A victim to lancet (in father) is seen.

Though med'cine and morals, from doctors we get,
'Tis fish, and fish always, that comes to their net,
And good men of sound minds, are oft made to quake,
For any two doctors a madman can make.

We prune, and we carve, and we liberty trim,
We fight against lords till our lights are grown dim,
But doctors with drugs the high horse we let ride,
And rush to our graves with a hop, jump, and stride.

Awake then, ye tillers of England's brave soil,
For freedom, and health, and for Heaven you toil,
From workshop, and anvil, sing out a loud bit,
Or doctors, for interest, straight jackets will fit.

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND FREE.

To me it seems a paradox
To boast of brave and free,
While vaccine virus course the veins,
(Enforced by laws decree).

Where is the moral dynamite
That sets all truth aglow ?
Where is the God within us all
Whence freedom's manhood grow ?

Where are our village Hampdens gone ?
And where our Cromwells too ?
Where are the Gladstones and the Brights,
The first but famous few ?

Where is the bravery Luther showed,
(Especially when at Worms) ?
Where is the Christian dignity,
That calms the raging storms ?

Had England in her darkest age
Sons brave and true as steel ?
Was fierce monopoly made to smart,
Coercion made to kneel ?

And shall not now her present sons
Such power and grandeur show ?
Shall not the Franchise (Suffrage Bill)
As truth be made to grow ?

Shall not coercion, with the power
Her present sons possess,
Be crushed to earth with every vice
And licensed lawlessness?

Shall fathers, true in ev'ry case
Their children's keeper be?
Shall conscience, judgment, truth be tied,
And only physic free?

Shall man (the counterpart) as was
By God Himself designed,
Be counted less than some disease
That's blown with every wind?

Shall man o'er fellow-man, assume
The dignity of God?
Prescribe the physic he shall take
With fines and prison's rod?

Nay, nay! for sure as God still reigns,
Or Heaven's sun doth shine,
Oppression, though long borne, brings forth
The seeds of its decline.

While truth and virtue win their way,
Like Abraham's seed are blest,
The blood and life of every child's
Too sacred to molest.

Can then compulsion long sustain,
Or hell still hold her own?
Can Christian friends (as such) coerce?
(Ask bread, give us a stone.)

Can hist'ry not repeat herself?
Is mind or man more coarse?
What! though we lack a Luther, yet
We've still a Wilberforce.

Is God's arm shortened? can't he save?
Or blind, can he not see?
True, "England still can boast her brave,"
(But only such are free).

THE VACCINATION CRAZE.

Tell me I hate the vaccine rot,
 Hate is a word too small ;
 I loathe, abhor the hellish rite,
 The lymphs and virus all.

Go learn what I have seen and known,
 See ! see ! that mother weep ;
 Her child (her life's best blood) is slain—
 By vaccine scoured to sleep.

Go face that frowning multitude,
 And hear *thee* fool expressed ;
 (If God alone inspires thy soul,
 In blessing thou art blessed.

Go soothe that stricken childless pair,
 And hear the naked truth,
 How fierce disease from Jenner's filth
 Had stole their pledge of youth.

Go ask that man with fest'ring ills,
 Limbs rotting to decay.

What cause first tainted his own blood,
 And hear the words he'll say :

'Twas vaccination (devil's dirt)
 My parents oft have said,
 From child of moral charlatan
 (Itself has long been dead).

Go ask that pastor, why his son
 Doth tarnish his good name ?
 Go ask his loving mother there
 What caused her son's great shame ?

See ! see ! (the blood hath left her cheeks ,
 And pale as death she cried),
 " 'Twas faith in calf and moral filth,
 I would myself had died."

Go ask the men of politics
 Why fails their cleanest sweep ?
 Because by lymph from moral taint
 The nation's lull'd to sleep.

The body's prim'd with seeds of vice,
Ere mind asserts its sway ;
Thus moral power itself is warped,
The teacher kept at bay.

We ask you then, ye Christian men,
(The salt of all the earth),
To save from *vice*, and *death*, and *hell*,
The nation at its birth.

We ask your *votes*, your *works*, your *prayers*,
That Hearths and Homes be free ;
As God hath made our little ones,
Our little ones shall be.

THE HYPOCRISY OF THE AGE.

The fire burned brightly in a cosy room,
And quite exhausted with the tireless loom
I rested, fell asleep, and dreamed I saw
The Church of Christ shed bitter tears of woe.

The cant hypocrisy of ev'ry land
Before my mental vision seemed to stand ;
The cry of ' Peace, peace, peace ! ' in midst of war,
The half-told truth, and white-washed sepulchre,

The social demon, commerce inside out.
The governing quacks, with justice up the spout ;
The saintly shams, repeated open smiles,
The loud-trumped plaudits, and the winning wiles.

The shoddy meant, and often sold for cloth ;
The lying *Christian*, and the drunkard's sloth ;
Others, and these, which passed before my view,
Were but small fry, the Church bid them adieu.

Then came a scene, which words to paint must fail,
A father dragged from bended knees to jail ;
His was no sin, he'd done no other ill.
Than feared the vaccine-scourge his child would kill.

I saw him in his prison garb, and cell,
The Church lamenting, angels too, as well ;
The Head (our Christ) with grief seemed quite outdone,
I asked the the cause, each answered one by one :

“ ’Twas not for past, or ills that once did live,
But present deeds no hope for future give ;
Now life is poisoned at its fount and source,
This stings our hearts with pain and great remorse.

While vice and moral wrongs in youth are sown,
So vice, ill deeds, and devilry are grown ;
Here demon fiends alone find sweet relief,
While honesty is sore oppressed with grief.”

“ Thank God,” I said ; these words from heart o’erflow
Angels and Church, for right and truth still show ;
The honest man, when with great anguish torn,
Hath friends in Church, with whom his burden’s borne.

I then awoke ; alas ! ’twas but a dream,
The Church in league with cant hails but the stream,
Alike Salvation, Protestant, and Rome,
While hell makes merry, with the “ Harvest Home.”

IN MEMORIAM

Of JOSEPH LIVESEY (late) of Preston, the undisputed Founder, and for many years Leader of the Temperance Movement ; died Sept. 2nd, 1834, fifty-two years after signing the great and life-long Temperance Pledge.

Hail ! worthy sire, “ the grand old man,”
Full ninety years thy life hath span ;
Thy name’s held high, in accents mild
Thy soul I praised while yet a child.

Thy mission, God’s redeeming plan ;
Thy aim, to raise each fallen man
And woman from the social sink,
And wean their souls from love of drink.

The fight thou nobly hast sustained,
Will still go on till port is gained ;
Thy numerous seed, strong in their might,
Will still proclaim for truth and right.

Thy STRUGGLES for us cheaper bread,
With nerve, and light, and life have led
Earth's brightest sons, from mount and mine,
To work and fight for drink's decline.

The Press, *now free*, to thee's the same,
A monument of power and fame ;
But one great page thyself did write,
Is that first pledge we all indite.

Though now thou'rt gone, with years of strength,
Thy days with meekness reached their length ;
Now angels smile, say Heaven's thy store,
Where many friends have gone before.

Like Nelson, on his flagship, thou
Was spared till victory crowned thy brow ;
Like he, while here thy face did shine,
The news broke forth, "The day is thine."

Hail ! worthy friend, from ruin's brink
The nation's saved from lust of drink ;
Sweet rest, and peace, for thee we pray,
And blessings on thy work this day.

Long live thy name, proud nations cry,
The *great and good* can never die :
Long live thy work, *thy plaudit's won*,
Thy mission's wrought, and *well thou's done*.

THE LAW OF NATURE, THE LAW OF GOD.

Of all the things that happen now,
There's none without a cause ;
All truth exactly coincides
With nature's code of laws.

In politics, church government,
In morals, mind, and man,
The beastly and the vicious thrive
As ill-weeds only can.

These are the drones that live upon
The good, that purest be ;
Dragging to earth, to death, and hell,
The noblest, best, and free.

The rot within the apple core,
Potato long gone sweet,
Act on their sounder kith and kine,
Until their work's complete.

With mind and morals 'tis the same,
As also flesh and blood ;
The lymph (disease) grows only on
The healthy and the good.

And as there is to each effect
A veritable cause,
Nothing can happen singly now
Within stern Nature's laws.

The actor, and the acted on,
They ever must agree,
The germ without, its food within
Must clearly, plainly see.

And as the tares and thistles grow,
Uncared for from the earth,
So vice abounds proportionate
With ills that gave it birth.

Then as the lamb within the fold
The wolf can never harm,
So he that treads health's beaten paths
Need fear no great alarm.

Keep close to Nature and to God,
Then life and peace are given,
Then light, and love, and sympathy,
Will raise thy soul to Heaven.

THE LAW OF EARTH & THE LAW OF HEAVEN.

Though some may shirk, have in and through debate,
Trifled with truth, or feared the truth to state ;
Yet ev'ry sentence uttered now, though brief,
Will have the force and strength of my belief.

Compulsory vaccination, no such thing
Can health, or freedom from disease, now bring ;
Compulsion never was appointed law ;
None are compelled, not even friend or foe.

Fine and re-fine, is all they well can do ;
Fine and re-fine, and then the fines renew ;
But still they neither hair, nor arm, can singe,
The child is free, " they crush because we cringe."

Yet vaccination never was defined
All, all is gospel in the doctors mind ;
These all do differ in their own decree,
And are like faces, none exact agree.

The lymph from heifer, cow, or calf, and all
Is excrete dirt from pocks, some great, some small,
And man, who was by Heaven designed to think,
By man he may (or must) this vaccine drink.

Where, then, is seen the greatness of God's plan ?
Is man responsible to only man ?
And if our brothers Daniels be from birth,
Should we by fines as worms crush them to earth ?

Does Heav'n act thus ? Is man no longer free ?
Does Christ's atonement take all choice from me ?
Does man (through Christ) his own salvation work ?
Or does his freedom in men's minds yet lurk ?

Speak out, God is not mocked, why dreamest thou,
For each ill done, base sin will stamp thy brow,
Then spare thyself, for Him true as the sun
That broods ill-deeds, to Him ill-deeds are done.

THE SIEGE.

(Suggested by the Barnoldswick vaccination distraints).

What means yon eager moving throng
That fills the village street?
Has Butts (in Barnoldswick) to-day
Some gen'ral fair or fete?

What means those anxious women, wives
And mothers nicely dressed?
Has Barlick turn'd a bran new leaf,
Or been by fortune blessed?

A sale! a sale! let's go and see,
The p'lice are on the spot,
They say they're goods they've stole away
To feed the vaccine rot.

A Table, Wringer, Chest of Drawers,
They're going, *going*, GONE.
Chairs, Sofa, Tray, and Oaken Chest,
With these the lots are done.

A meeting then's held on the spot,
With speakers two or three;
The vaccine craze is shouted down—
They ask that choice be free.

The rattle's swung, some haste away
While some are left to lurch,
They say more goods are being sold
Behind the Old Gill Church.

Three cheers are given, goods restored,
Then comes the loud hurrah,
The crowd with one great voice shouts forth
We've won, we've won the day.

We turn our steps, but still they shout,
We hear them loud and far—
“We've fought the baby's battle, and
We've won the mother's war.”

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Dear H., I'm thinking of you quite alone,
And wonder how the babes can be
Since you've been gone to mother's house and home,
I'm like a fish just out of sea.

The house it seems so quiet and drear,
Though everything is clean and neat ;
The days they seem so very long, and dull,
While night is neither short nor sweet.

The things and course of life seem changed, indeed
'Tis true, since you've been gone away,
The heart it feels would rather bleed than beat,
And I can neither work nor play.

At church, this strangeness seemed to all pervade,
And e'en our well-accustomed pew ;
With pulpit, preacher, sermons preached, and all
Lost charms, for want of babes and you.

The world seems topsy-turvy, all askew,
While I alone am left to write
With palsied hand, and feverish brow,
My thoughts and feelings to indite.

I much wish Lawson (he's the boy) was here
To play, or even laugh and shout,
While Mary pushed the table. spill'd the ink ;
Or Norman threw the scraps about.

Or I along with you,—such life's a blank ;
But just for change, before its dark,
I'll promise you to take a country stroll,
Or turn and walk along the park.

And as the fortnight you will spend must pass,
Though I am quite alone the while,
I'll find the sweetest recompense when o'er,
And gladly meet thee with a smile.

PENDLE HILL.

Majestic Pendle ! soaring high,
 For ages from thy sod
 Thy rustic nature man has viewed,
 And talked with nature's God ;
 George Fox made thee his church, 'tis said,
 The woodland songster wrote ;
 Cromwell, the bravest of the brave,
 Thy healthy summit sought.

Hail Pendle ! Lancashire crowned king ;
 Thy hardy sons of toil,
 Braced up by thee, when Cobden led,
 Monopoly didst spoil.
 Though, cunning, caste, and etiquette,
 Have in thy sons no shrine ;
 None holdeth forth to helpless need
 A hand so broad as thine.

Thy optic vision ranging o'er
 Expansive ridge and fell,
 The fertile plains, the silvery brook,
 The rich and mossy dell ;
 Our towns of commerce, ocean blue,
 The ruined castle wall,
 The towering spires, the peasant's cot,
 The lone but stately hall.

Brave old Pendle ! changing not,
 'Tis ever a charm to see.
 By summer's sun and winter's frosts,
 Thy physiognomy.
 My heart's best wish, my soul's request,
 Is with thy sons to be,
 At rest at last in some green spot,
 Still overlooked by thee.

A PLEA FOR PHYSICAL FREEDOM.

I long have thought some Christian men
 Small Christian lives have led.
 While holding up Damocles' sword
 O'er fellow Christian's head.

Now vaccination's to the front
In most repellent form,
Causing in free-born English hearts
A mighty raging storm.

Compulsion, e'en in good things, is
A burden heavy borne ;
The very goodness from good things
Is by compulsion torn.

The right of parents to their child
(Flesh of their flesh and bone)
God-given and inherent is,
And rests with them alone.

No science grace the vaccine world,
All, all is dark to me,
Dissensions fill the doctors' minds,
No two all fours agree.

The lymph-results can't be defined
From heifer, cow, or calf,
And though termed free from human pox
'Tis surely half and half.

What science, or what natural craft
Will differ as do these ?
Why not expect a cabbage grow
As health from a disease ?

Where is the knowledge we'd at birth ?
Where are our school boards gone ?
Is truth not all on even lines,
And all of nature one ?

Are tipplers now (like one of old)
Much wiser than of yore ?
Get cured by taking little drops,
Or having drink no more.

Did Joseph Livesey build his plan
On hairs of dogs that bit ?
Are men of light and leading grown
Where only fools can sit ?

Does virtue from foul vice yet spring ?
 Hay-seeds apples strike ?
 Do sugar-plums from wine-sours grow ?
 Or like beget its like ?

Is God or nature ever mocked ?
 We reap but what was sown ;
 Both mind and matter, morals too,
 Are each from kindred grown.

Do not ill thoughts, when spoken out,
 Good manners yet destroy ?
 Is this not true of body, mind,
 And *health* of man and boy ?

Will apples and potatoes, and
 Not matter, men, and mind,
 By contact soon affect the sound,
 And purest of their kind ?

Can man pollute his body, then,
 And not his soul disease ?
 Ar'n't mind and heart, and morals best
 When body's most at ease ?

Is not the foul and rotten lymph
 A *matter* for disgrace ?
 All rottenness prolific is,
 " Ill weeds still grow apace."

Can then compulsion be sustained,
 Or rest on solid ground ?
 Can lancet, lymph (or matter), be
 Where health and peace are found ?

Can Christian men, who know their Christ,
 The halter more invoke ?
 Must we not think, and thinking act,
 Against the vaeine yoke ?

Up then to arms, ye moral knights,
 And storm St. Stephen's Square ;
 All efforts, voice, and votes *must have*
 Their force and focus there.

Then come what may, with faith and prayer
Brave time will end our sorrow ;
Though hell itself may rule to-day,
Our Christ will reign to-morrow.

SUMMER.

Yes summer is come, with its blossom again,
And winter is past, with its sleet and its rain,
'Tis true that I love it, it seems ever kind,
And winter, dark winter, it leaves far behind,
I love yet to ramble through field and through lane,
And test e'en the strength of the deep surging main,
Rejoicing and laughing, as onward I steer,
And wishing long life to the summer that's here.

See children like kittens or lambkins at play,
Affording amusement to grave and to gay ;
They frolic, and gambol, and sing full of glee,
Their winter-bound spirits are open and free.
See young men and maidens, how lightly they tread ;
Each telling quite plainly that winter is dead,
Hark ! hark ! too, they're singing, no sorrow or fear,
But wishing long life to the summer that's here.

Let's ask now that spinster, a dame of four score,
Whom we see on the greensward close by her door,
Yes, ask her, hath summer no charms for the old,
Exceeding bleak winter's black dulness and cold ?
See her lift up her head, with pleasing delight,
As she says she loves day, but winter is night,
Yes, watch now her features, she sheds a lone tear,
And wishes long life to the summer that's here.

Our railroads and steam-boats are brisker by far,
With people on pleasure bent, nothing to mar ;
Our fields and our ferns deck out in their green,
As certain and rapid as summer is seen.
Our beasts, birds, and bees, of both mountain and plain
Are frisking, or flying in sunshine again.
These all seem to utter, though strange it appear,
A hearty long life to the summer that's here.

Cheer up, toiling brothers, you need not be sad,
 Make bay while the sun shines if you would be clad,
 Cheer up, toiling sisters, 'tis summer for all,
 Then waste not a moment you cannot recall.
 Be up and be doing, this world is a hive ;
 And all can succeed that will honestly strive,
 Look upward, and onward, nor think winter near,
 But seek a long life for the summer that's here.

ILL DEEDS COME HOME AT LAST.

Conipulsion's only true in name,
 The law is but a charm ;
 Where pockets swell with yellow dust
 The vaccine cannot harm.

Could law but triumph in the end,
 And wrest from man his child,
 Then sense of justice is outraged,
 And man is rendered wild.

His conscience and his reason too,
 And man himself's debased ;
 Society thus far is wronged—
 By its one member chased.

And if the noblest attributes
 (The God within each man),
 Be tempted, shaken, pressed, and torn,
 Who may the evil span ?

If man be rendered less a man,
 And tokens more the brute,
 His beastly state's a moral ill,
 Which spreads beyond repute ;

Growing like life on what it feeds,
 Contagious to the core ;
 The more *compulsion* we may have,
 The more the brute's in store ;

And as ill deeds, like each ill bird,
 Will roost beside its friend,
 Society for all it does
 Must suffer in the end.

LINES ACKNOWLEDGING THE RECEIPT OF A PARCEL OF FLOWERS.

Many thanks for flowers just now received,
Right welcome were they, too,
And if I ever get your way,
My thanks I will renew.

Rest quite assured, my floral friend,
Such bloom appears to me
With all the guileless innocence
Of love's pure soul and free.

Long though the time since first we met,
Long though in conflict pressed ;
In flowers the mind finds sweet repose,
And man himself is blest.

May Heaven smile and still shower forth
Blessings on thee and thine—
On all thy work, on all thy ways—
O'er all is God's design.

Then when on earth the flowers that droop,
Eternally shall bloom ;
Then we may meet, as was at first
Designed, beyond the tomb.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BILLINGTON (DIED JAN. 3, 1884)

Yes, Billy is gone to his long, long rest.
No more social cares can trouble his breast,
We felt quite amazed and heaved a deep sigh,
When first it was known our Poet must die.

For years he will live in Blackburn by fame,
For years will her sons record him a name,
For years will he live, in *shade* and in *sheen*,
For years will his mem'ry even be green.

The sinews of manhood, morals, and men,
The noble and true, were helped by his pen.
His ground in the conflict he nobly has stood,
Moulding the future for earth's greatest good.

'Tis true he is gone, nor should we repine,
 His lot may be ours e'er Heaven's sun shine,
 Though true in the grave his corpse we have laid,
 He lives by his works, though numbered and dead.

THE DIVINITY OF TOLERATION.

In aid of injured dignity
 And manhood smitten sore
 And thoughts unfettered freedom, too
 I plead, my friends, once more

The thoughts and dignity of man,
 Once deemed as free as air,
 And sold now for their penalties
 Or locked in med'cine's lair !

Society itself is based
 Upon these common laws ;
 The Church of Christ, and politics,
 Will tolerate their foes ;

While doctors, who themselves are men
 Created as we all,
 Will have their pound of human flesh
 And trump the lancet's call.

The merits, or demerits, now,
 I care not to debate,
 But were the lymph as good as gold,
 Or Gospel, I would state—

The Gospel e'en from isms free,
 And pure from sect or pew,
 Compulsory laws will blight its fruit,
 And blast its blossoms too.

COMPULSION, AN UNENGLISH AND UNCHRISTIAN LAW.

This dire compulsory vaccination's bad,
 The very essence of un-English laws ;
 Itself a factor of disease and death,
 Of moral ills the one prolific cause,

The one great locust on all Christian good,
By which its victims to the grave do glide ;
The village bane, the city's foremost curse,
The social evil's greatest fount and bride.

The leprosy of foul, and worse disease,
Defacing manhood, at which angels smiled,
Robbing the father of his greatest pearl—
The heaven-born freedom to protect his child.

Compulsion is the darkest blot that stains
Our Christian commonwealth, yet good men see
The moral sun's bright cheering rays, which speaks
“ Ye Christian men by Christian votes are free.”

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, ON COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

I fear I can't help your complaint
Against the vaccination laws,
Compulsory vaccine's now doubtful,
And fails to merit my applause.

Repeating penalties, to me,
As practised now's a monstrous cause,
It creates most intensely the
Agitation against these laws.

And long as (fines) inflicted are,
I do expect we'll clearly see
A greater, hatred 'gainst these laws
(Against all social slavery).

I'm just of the opinion,
That if compulsion had not been,
Then vaccination would be great,
As much its practice would be seen.

And this without the ill effects
Which now in quarters much prevail,
Though vaccination seems as good,
For good effects it often fails.

Sometimes great ills, and even death
Follows, its friends say, in its train,
Persuasion, now I truly think,
Would yield by far the greater gain.

But to inflict incessant fines,
Or e'en good men to prison send
Because they will not vaccinate
Will sometimes have a fatal end.

To me it seems a monstrous
Violation of parents' right,
A violation of our Homes
And Hearths, their freedom to indict.

The instances you mention of
Cruel harshness shock me greatly,
After fighting for mildest laws,
Are such things possible lately ?

A PLEA FOR A MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM BILLINGTON.

“ When friends are few,” a poet’s worth
Is often in the shade ;
'Tis English hearths though seldom sung
Where heroes still are made.

A father loves his darling child,
A mother does the same,
Shall Blackburn lose her cherished son,
And not re-write his name ?

The sweets of love he often told,
Our charities as seen
From what he’s said, and wrote, and done,
Have long in clover been.

The cause of freedom lacked no friend
While he could use his pen ;
Shall Blackburn live upon his wealth,
And not repay again ?

Our public Park, Infirmary too,
Drank from his well filled store,
And shall not we by paint or stone
Bring William to the fore?

For moral worth, and active brain,
For singleness of aim,
Though Blackburn steals his heart and life,
It still should leave his name.

BAND OF HOPE FESTIVE LAY. •

Come let us join our cheerful songs
While Temperance truths abound,
And may we ever tread the way,
Where health and peace are found.

Though we are young from drink we're free,
As Ged our Maker knows ;
Then let us with one heart and voice,
Push on the Temperance cause.

While here upon our festive day,
We meet with smiling face ;
And string our harps to God above
For His protecting grace.

Then let us shun drink's treacherous ways,
And true teetotalers be ;
That our great work may soon be wrought
And drink-made slaves go free.

THE JENNER-ATION OF DISEASE.

For ninety years the vaccine rite
Has cursed our native land.
For ninety years disease its spread
Broadcast on every hand.

For ninety years the vaccine rot
Its fatal seed has sown ;
For ninety years (by taint and touch)
Its fruitful ills have grown.

For ninety years with vaccine praise
 The nation has been school'd.
 With vested rights and serpent tongue
 The nation still is fool'd.

With vaccine germs transmitted, to
 Innoculations fair,
 The vaccine frost more potent is
 Than ere its parents were.

For years, and years, its seed's been spread,
 And swarm on swarm we've seen ;
 Of measles, pox, and syphilis foul,
 That blights all (human) green.

These first the fruits, becomes the food,
 While ground is well prepared,
 And most of disease germs that vex,
 Hath from this parent shared.

Here moral powers are lulled to sleep,
 The mind crushed down must lay,
 The soul forgets its virtuous ways,
 And loses power to pray,

'Tis thus the nation wrongs herself,
 'Tis thus ill deeds come home,
 For shafts hurled at your fellow-men
 Rebound on walls of Rome.

Mark then the lesson plainly taught :
 From evil, evils grow ;
 The stream, while moved from fountain head,
 Will never cease to flow.

Does wisdom shield the wrong of wrongs ?
 Or stem its natural vent ?
 To flood the fertile plains, thus curse
 The bread by Heaven sent.

Why seek to palliate an ill ?
 Or stay for Lawson's laws ?
 The Christian man with Christ his head
 Will strike at root and cause.

Will Christians leave their bleeding friends,
Compulsion's storm to ride,
Tear their coercive wounds afresh,
Then pass on other side ?

Job's comforters, these surely are,
Yet mark an epoch still,
For mind outraged, and doubly cursed,
Asserts its sovereign will.

'Tis coming by the hand of time,
The writing's on the wall,
The PEOPLE'S HOUSE, *by People's Will*
Must freedom give to all.

THOUGHTS ON A PARCEL OF FLOWERS.

To MR. DUGDALE, OF BARNOLDSWICK.

Best thanks for flowers by parcel's post,
That some kind friend hath sent ;
There's nothing nobler I could wish,
Nor smell a sweeter scent.

The dahlias that have just arrived,
Are rich, and choice, and fair ;
More true to nature and to God
Than many "dailies" are.

They came like Gilead's balm to heal
The soul when sore oppressed ;
They speak to me of rest and calm,
Though mind is sore distressed.

I see through nature, nature's God
Arrayed in finest dress ;
And read how far proud man hath strayed
By his own selfishness.

The donor, though unknown to me,
My compliments I send ;
By postal mark, I guess 'tis you
Or yet some near kind friend.

Please say to each and every one
 The good are flowers that bloom,
 And shed their fragrance on the earth,
 Then live beyond the tomb.

Accept from me my heart's best wish
 For wife, and friends, and you ;
 And should I once more get your way,
 My thanks I'll then renew.

HETTIE RITCHIE.

AN ACROSTIC.

H onoured be thy course in life,
 E ver shunning idle strife ;
 T hou has served us extra well,
 T his, thy friends we'll gladly tell ;
 I n life's fair field, when thou'rt free,
 E ver shall we think of thee.

R est thy mind, whate'er assails,
 I f truth in thy heart prevails ;
 'T rust God, giving Him thy whole,
 C ome then what will, Heaven is thine,
 H onoured then thy life will shine ;
 I n sheen and shade falter not,
 E ver faithful to thy lot.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

Suggested by a sermon (preached in Blackburn), when it was said, "A Christian, with principles of honesty and integrity, in business competition with men of the world, is *terribly handicapped*." The preacher also pictured the Christian (through adherence to such principles) seeing his business, and consequent home comforts reduced to a minimum.

Say Christian souls are handicapped,
 In combat with the world ;
 This teaching, from Christ's pulpit
 Should instantly be hurled.
 Such thoughts as these at once cut through
 The chord of God made man,
 And places by its own results,
 The righteous under ban.

A father picture—can it be ?—
 His most obedient son,
By laws the Father made, and rules,]
 By crafty men outdone.
Don't deeds of love, in kindness pressed,
 Like ill birds soon come home ?
Can truth and worth forget themselves
 In distant lands to roam.

Has goodness, then, in war with guilt,
 No sure and rich return ?
Except it bide with earthly friends,
 Until to Heaven it's borne.
Hath godliness the promise not,
 Of life that is, and be,
Besides the richer fruits in store
 Throughout eternity ?

Will honest meed produce its kind,
 And not repay its own ?
Must true men reap, while here on earth,
 But wrongs they've never sown ?
Will not good deeds return again,
 Like bread on waters cast,
To give a hearty meal to those
 Who sowed such in the past ?

Do not all histories ever teach
 That as we sow we reap ?
Do not our deeds return in life
 Long 'ere we fall asleep ?
Then honest worth, invested, pays
 A full and fair per cent ;
Those living nearest to our God
 Have richest blessings sent.

Then virtue, truth, and honesty,
 Long ere this stage be passed,
Gives health, and peace, and worldly gain,
 And tends to life at last.
Then goodness e'en because it pays,
 Each selfish heart should win ;
Kind deeds, true hearts, have moral power
 Which shields them much from sin.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

To me, it is often a task to tell true,
The why and the wherefore of acts which men do,
For some who, like flowers, will thrive in the sun,
Some others shine best when their day star is done.

Thus strange thou appearest to me now, my friend,
Thou stood well life's battles, right through to their end ;
But just when the struggles and turmoils of fight
Turned fruits in thy basket thou takest to flight.

No toils, and no troubles, were greater than thine,
Thy comforts and pleasures were few toward mine ;
But now, when the storm has abated at last,
Thy indolence holds thee a prey hard and fast.

I pine for thy company, but seek it in vain,
The ocean doth part us, the deep surging main ;
In winter thou bravest the whole that could come,
But summer doth find thee as beat as a drum.

Thy trials were great, while a faithless young wife
Still poisoned the fountain of virtue and life ;
Thy children, through sickness, were nurtured by thee,
When work and when food thou too seldom would see.

This lasted for months ; yea, a year had full sped,
When wealth, through an uncle, brought clothing and
bread ;
Yet this had its drawbacks, for shortly we see,
Death claims from thy children, just two out of three.

But now in thy manhood, when trials are o'er,
Why seeks thou a home upon some foreign shore ?
Why leave now thy friends, who are faithful and true,
Why turn on thy country, or part them and you ?

Is it only your wish, to end thoughts of strife,
By quitting the scenes of true friendship and wife ?
Then it proves quite anew, when the stomach is full,
The brains become heavy, inactive, and dull.

HELENA NOLAN.

AN ACROSTIC.

H igh in esteem we part with thee,
E arnest and plodding, active, free ;
L ong may we know thy heart is true,
E ver our minds will turn to you ;
N or soon forget, though another face
A ttends thy duties, fills thy place.

N o wish of ours could bid us part,
O ur share is now the keenest smart ;
L ong will the children, and our friends
A sk where thou'rt gone, and reason why :
N one can we give, we none descry.

THE POLICE AND PUBLIC MORALS.

Oh yes, they've been and marked my goods,
 But baby still is pure ;
They came (the wolves) in guise of sheep,
 To make the marking sure.

First Mr. B., in clothes quite plain,
 Did rat-tat at the door,
When soon he put his foot inside,
 And firmly pressed the floor.

A look, a glance, brought Mr. S.
 (As stout as any law),
Who, on the signal of his friend,
 To help him he must go.

But know you friends (and this is why)
 My sofa's marked so plain,
Our baby as it was, is still,
 It's not by lancet slain.

The same police, with less results,
 A neighbour's goods would mark,
But failed through nurses stubbornness
 (The parents were at work).

The death-list card was asked for then
(It needed making right),
The machine too had all gone wrong,
But both these failed them quite.

Now what I ask, friends, is it wise
(While public servants too)
That public men should *rogue* and *scheme*
With public good in view.

Do not all deeds which men commit,
Like ill birds soon come home,
Should friends then feed the fire that burns
The city walls of Rome.

A country's good's in virtue's lap,
Cemented by the pen ;
And public servants *first of all*
In morals should be men.

THE LESSONS OF THE PAST.

I've used my eyes, my heart and brains,
And pleasures seen a few,
Life's toils and tumbles surely have
Been mixed with drops of dew.

I've scanned historic pages o'er,
And revelled in high glee,
While feeding from our father's store,
Or learning what should be.

Oppression had my keenest scent,
My heart and soul were there,
My mind and will their influence lent,
Its causes to lay bare.

The great upheavings close at home,
When Charles's neck was wrung ;
The burdens of a lawless King
The people's hearts had stung.

The Frenchman's feast of blood and brains
 Was rivalled far by Tell,
 Who struggled for his nation's rights,
 Till nation's wrongs had fell.

The battle for man's equal rights,
 First fought at Runnymede,
 Where Barons bold, stood brave and true,
 From purely selfish greed.

So man in heart, degen'rate is,
 And love of power's supreme ;
 In social and religious seas
 Begin the ebbing stream.

So Justice breathes, pure as the sun,
 Where love and truth unite ;
 While vice and bloodshed curse the land,
 Whose freedom suffers blight.

Such, such are Ireland's wrongs to-day,
 Upheld by English hands,
 While Erin with a sore sad heart,
 Imploringly she stands.

Can, can it be that Burnley friends,
 Who long have foremost stood,
 Will now forsake their virtuous ways,
 Rob Ireland of her good ?

No heart more loving or more kind,
 Impulsive, brave, yet true ;
 Whose son's have fought and died for us
 On fields at Waterloo.

Shall England, then, while she asks bread,
 To Ireland give a stone ?
 Will Burnley, now the choice is hers,
 Give cause for Ireland's groan ?

Nay, friends of freedom can't disgrace
 Their manhood and their prime ;
 Not Thursby, but the people's Slagg,
 Must be their choice *this* time.

Let no true man who loves his kind
 One moment seem to lag ;
 Votes polled should be their end and aim,
 And *each one* marked for Slagg.

Then will a glad hurrah burst forth,
 “ Brave Burnley’s on the line ;
 A country’s rights are in thy hands ;
 A nation’s eyes are thine.”

A BRIDAL GREETING.

Dear friend and cousin Joshua, I pray accept from me,
 This simple little bridal cake, for thy sweet love and thee ;
 Now may your lives be truly one, in spirit, word, and deed,
 Each striving with both heart and soul to serve the other’s
 need.

This world hath in it crosses, bye-ways, and crooked lanes,
 But Heaven makes our pathway straight, drops fatness
 with its rains ;
 The heart may wear a sadness, have ills that no one knows,
 Yet besides the stinging nettle, the healing dock-leaf grows.

Though earthly prospects ne’er be bright, God scatters by
 the way ;
 Though friends are few and far between, they’ll graee thy
 wedding day ;
 Though toil is great and tumults rise, with life and years
 declining,
 The sun may hide its cheering rays, but still it’s somewhere
 shining.

Though all that glitters is not gold, honeymoons pass away ;
 Though thorns surround the opening rose, it forms a sweet
 bouquet ;
 Your hopes may not be realised, and health may fail your
 wife,
 Still the highest point of happiness is reached in married
 life.

Accept my heart's best wishes, for God's protecting care,
May thy soul be looking Heavenward by silent thought
and prayer ;
Please give my compliments to mother, to Eunice and to
Ruth,
The same accept for thy dear self and chosen bride of youth.

Remember me to Amos, to David, and to E.,
I'll gladly Pen their nuptial lines if married soon should
be ;
Good by then for a little while, until I come your way,
Or perhaps you'll say by Post Card how fares your Natal
Day.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

Some take it for to keep them warm,
And some to keep them cold,
Some take it 'cause the're young in life,
And some because the're old.

Some drink because they're often dry,
And some to drown their sorrow,
Some take it for their stomach's sake,
And then they rue each morrow.

Some drink because they have to work,
And some because they play,
Some take it 'cause they've pounds to draw,
And some because they pay.

And Temp'rance though an easy blow,
Few have courage to strike it,
Still fewer drink because its sin,
Many 'cause they *like it*.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVE SONG.

Again we raise our festive song,
On this returning day ;
Again we view our army strong,
And grateful tribute pay.

We now another year commence
Against the giant foe,
Resolved to drive the monster hence,
And ever onward go.

Come all who in our cause rejoice,
And grateful accents raise ;
Let each and all with heart and voice,
The Lord Jehovah praise.

We now again our strength renew,
Against this demon great ;
We soon shall gain our end in view,
And chase him from the state.

We wish you all the pledge to sign ;
If friends should ask you go
To taste their *Port* or *Sherry* Wine,
Say boldly, bravely, *No.*

We'll shout hurrah the Water King,
And drink the early dew ;
We'll shout its praises while we sing,
And praise our Maker too.

THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

I once more ask thy gracious heart, to bear with me awhile,
Till I unfold my troubled breast, and vainly seek thy smile ;
'Twas not entirely for myself, I sought thy love to gain,
But for dear mother's sake and thine, I sought thy love in vain.

The children, too, God bless them all, formed an important link
With thy dear self to draw my soul on Cupid's fatal brink ;
I'm now unnerved, and stricken down by love's sharp two-edged spear,
Thy soul alone can't grant relief, my drooping spirits cheer.

The righteousness and truth of this are settled points with
me—

Justice and God are satisfied when you and I agree ;
Had'st thou but shared thy lot with mine, and lost thyself
in me,

These feelings would my heart and soul reciprocate to thee.

In sure return for all thy love, thy sympathy, and care,
Thy chastity and other virtues found in man so rare,
I could protect, and promise you, midst earthly friends and
foes,

A heart, a home, and happiness, and Heaven at life's close.

And now, dear Alice, let me wish to thee a true Good Night,
May God protect and cherish you, and guide your thoughts
aright ;

So long as you're His favoured one, and Christ-like strive
to be,

You'll always find one loving heart that truly beats for thee.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

The season of thy birth is here,
Thou'rt six years old to-day ;
May peace and plenty wait for thee
Where'er thy footsteps stray.

A smile rests on thy countenance,
A joy is on thy heart,
And father's earnest heartfelt wish
Is, these may ne'er depart.

Thy picture and thy story books
Suit well their purpose now,
They draw much care and gloom away
From thy young anxious brow.

Hope on, my dearest little son,
Hope on unto life's noon ;
Let not the now oblivious ills
Check thy young heart so soon.

Be patient with thy little brother,
 Be meek, and mild, and true,
 For Alfred (father's darling boy)
 Is good and kind to you.

Thy little darling sister, who
 Sits on grandma's knee,
 Who once made glad thy mother's heart,
 Has second claims on thee.

Forget not these, my dearest one,
 Be strong and true as steel,
 Spare neither pains, nor thought, nor strength,
 For their own wealth or weal.

Excuse the want of life in me,
 Mine eye hath lost its glare :
 The nerve of *Heart* and *Arm* has gone
 In that one *Vacant Chair*.

Thrice happy may thy birthday be,
 More happy than the rest ;
 Give my kind love to each and all,
God only knows what's best.

LINES TO BILLY BILLINGTON.

Suggested by seeing him pass.

Eh, Billy lad, tha looks soa bad,
 Awm hurt to si thee pass ;
 Tha'rt nod soa strong, tha'rt gooin wrong ;
 Hest sin thisel i'th' glass ?

We monno part, nor lose o heart,
 Bud wait till't cuckoo sings ;
 When tha'rt heawr way, just mek a stay
 Wi me, i' th' Hallow's Springs.

Aws be reight glad to si thee lad,
 Un help thi o aw con ;
 Tha'rt mooar aw ween, i' th' *shade* than *sheen*,
 Just breeten up owd mon.

Tho' friends are few, ther's one or two
 Ut awlus wish thi weel ;
Tho't world gooas wrong, ther's some among,
 Ut's awlus true as steel.

Tha's lived too well, tha's spoiled thisel,
 True as owt i' th' Bible ;
Tha want's noa tits, noa dainty bits,
 Nowt bud porridge thable.

Come eawt o' th' nook, and reawnd thi look,
 Fleawrs ul soon be springin' ;
Let Seawth winds blow, they'll melt thi snow,
 Un send thi hooam singin.

Soa neaw owd chap, aw'l howd mi trap,
 Bud when tha cumbs eawr way,
Just mek a stop inside eawr shop,
 Un tha shall hae thi tay.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Be not weary but watchful now ;
Friend of freedom what clouds thy brow ;
Drunkards are falling day by day,
Haste to the rescue, haste away.
Guard the weak in weakest hour,
Save the strong from tempter's power ;
Close the drinkshops while you may,
England's sun is shining to-day.

CHORUS.

Brothers and sisters raise thou up,
Christ for these drank the bitter cup.

THE “ ECHO.”

The *Echo* ! the *Echo* ! I've heard it to-day ;
"Tis a branch of the olive from over the way ;
The natural outcome of oppression and spleen,
And the echo of untrammelled freedom, I ween.

'Tis the handmaid of truth, real liberty's friend,
Proclaiming high virtue, while offering to lend
A true heart and a soul, be it well understood,
To all that is noble, great, glorious, and good.

'Tis a balm that will heal, 'tis a stem of the rose,
Its sweet fragrance extending the farther it goes ;
'Tis a rainbow of promise to virtue in need,
And will open its columns to each sect and creed.

'Tis the axle of progress, and marks a deep grade,
That religion, and science, and prudence have made ;
'Tis the balance of power, the staff of the just,
That will righteously deal with the labourer's crust.

'Tis a north star of morning, heralding the day,
When right will be might, and virtue's sceptre will
sway ;

'Tis a platform where all shades can come and agree ;
'Tis the spring of the future, e'er flowing and free.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

My youthful, absent, silent friend, 'tis strange, I've often
thought,
That ne'er a Post or messenger, have tidings from thee
brought ;

I now would ask, what aileth thee, and is thy mind upset ?
Or has dame fortune smiled on thee, since springtime when
we met ?

Have diff'ring creeds and party strife, thy soul from me
estranged ?

Or art thou but oblivious, and is it me that's changed ?

I fain would hear thy voice again, converse an hour away,
And know that thee and thine are well, on this thy natal
day.

Ten years have quickly come and gone, since all in bright
array,

We feasted in the evening of thy joyful wedding day ;
Full many changes have took place, the world is richer far,
And nearer dawns the wished for gem, the bright millennial
star.

By sweating brow our bread is earned, we win our peace
by storms ;

By earnest strife we always seize our very best reforms ;
The darkest clouds hold water that's sent to us in showers,
And April but acts her part, to furnish us May flowers.

“ Let not thy heart be troubled,” though divisions do arise,
The electric light shines brightest when darkest are the
skies.

I send thee this with compliments, and love from me and
mine,
And I would gladly hear and learn, how fares both thee
and thine.

BRIDAL LINES.

Henry, the happy morn has come, when thou wilt take a
wife,

The greatest thought of us young men, the brightest point
of life ;

Now many hearts are joyous, as I pen thy nuptial lay,
Although no bells are ringing on this thy wedding day.

No doubt thou long has thought of it, and revelled in its
bliss,

But, friend, perfection never dawns on such an earth as
this.

I now would cheer and comfort thee, remember what I say,
And wish thee many compliments, on this thy wedding day.

Together single life we've trod, for ten long years or more,
But now thou'rt on the fertile plains of matrimonial shore ;
Thou soon has crossed this *onely* desert, and now thy thirst
allay ;

Dear friend, to thee much happiness on this thy wedding
day.

Thy marble, ball, and cricket days, together now are past,
To-day thou joins the female tribe, and enters life at last.

Thou now must come to battle friend, to keep thy foes at
bay,

Begin afresh, look up for strength, on this thy wedding
day.

The conflict will be fearful, the enemy is strong,
But we must fight it manfully and raise the victor's song ;
Against envy, hatred, malice, the sword of love must sway,
Nor even bow to custom's laws, on this thy wedding day.

Against ill-timed thoughts and friendships, besides the
drunkard's bowl ;
These are contention's arrows that will even pierce the
soul ;
With rage and deadly jealousy let not thy footsteps stray,
These, friend, thou must be proof against, from this thy
wedding day.

Then happiness, around thy life will wreath a pleasing
crown :
Then thou wilt have a cheerful home, and seldom see a
frown ;
Then thou with buoyant step may tread the bright, the
Heavenly way,
While wondering what so long postponed this happy wed-
ding day.

And though I now would leave thee, 'tis only for a while,
Yet fancy in my absence I often see thee smile ;
I surely shall be with you, as true as flowers in May,
To join your evening party, on this thy wedding day.

Again, there is your Marg'ret (the sweetest of the two),
By maiden name and nature she was always (w)right to
you ;
One favour still I ask of thee, yes, grant me now I pray,
One sweet, one charming kiss from her on this thy wedding
day.

Miss Marg'ret then, be ladylike, as only ladies can,
And say, although a bachelor, I'm yet a ladies' man ;
Thy life is now compounded, though mixed with silver
spray,
Thou still must cross the dashing waves from this thy wed-
ding day.

In nature, so in social life, roses and thistles grow,
 And this may give thee comfort, if ever sunk in woe ;
 In the darkest, blackest winter, you'll find some glimmering
 ray

To brighten up the future of this thy wedding day.

Please give my compliments to all, and say I'm coming
 soon,—

For cheering up this wilderness the ladies are a boon ;
 I still expect their cheerful smiles will ever round me play,
 For this I'll join your company on this thy wedding day.

So now, dear madam, please farewell, pray keep thy home-
 stead bright,

Then love will say, *if not by name*, thou'rt still by nature
 (W)right.

You yet may live in happiness, and when your hairs are
 grey,

You'll even grace this happy time—this joyous wedding
 day.

So now, good-bye, pray think of me, and when life's task
 is o'er,

When sinks each quiv'ring, earthly frame on Death's black
 gloomy shore,

And when dissolved each earthly house, each tenement of
 clay,

Then we'll meet again in Heaven, and have our wedding
 day.

APOLOGY TO A FRIEND.

These lines were written and sent as an apology for the Author's
 absence at the Marriage Feast of his friend.

Henry, the day has fully come when thou wilt have a
 bride,—

Thou perhaps has thought of many things, but none so
 great beside ;

I hope thou wilt be joyous whatever others say,
 Nor let a wrong word pass thy lips on this thy *wedding day*.

We all have got our work to do, and do it, sir, we must ;
 We make the best of things below, and then return to dust ;
 Our spirits will be absent then, from this vile house of
 clay,

And so, dear friend, am I from thee, on this thy *wedding day*.

I was invited to be present, and share your nuptial feast,
 But from principles already formed I cannot swerve the
 least ;

Excuse my non-attendance, and grant therefore I pray,
 A pardon for my absence, on this thy *wedding day*.

Your efforts would prove fruitless however much you tried,
 Till you cast the blighting wine cup, with its withering
 sting aside ;

I now beseech thee as a friend, while reason holds her sway,
 To strike against the wine cup, on this thy *wedding day*.

I do not wish to give offence (excepting to the wine),
 But those that have its presence, they never must have
 mine ;

I hope thou wilt forgive me, for I am miles away,
 And count me as an absent friend, on this thy *wedding day*.

You may term me an Infidel, or class me with Freethinkers,
 Yet mark God's own unerring word—" Be not among wine
 drinkers ;"

Just now my thoughts grow weaker, and they are apt to
 stray,

'Tis high time I should leave thee, on this thy *wedding day*.

But then there is Elizabeth, thy chosen bride of youth,
 The picture too of womanhood, beauty, love, and truth ;
 Can I now close these lines, and not to her some tribute pay,
 I would not wish to act thus rude, on this thy *wedding day*.

Elizabeth then be cheerful, and let us always see,
 That woman can be joyous, when all is harmony ;
 And though these remarks are made, 'twill seem in childish
 play,

I hope thou wilt have me excused, on this thy *wedding day*.

Forget not all thy troubles, when thou art made a wife,
 Trials and joys you'll always find exist in married life ;
 And though I now lay up my pen, for 'twill no longer stay,
 I cannot still but think of thee, on this thy *wedding day*.

And if we meet no more on earth, we shall in realms of
 bliss,
 Where angels sing the praise of Him, in brighter worlds
 than this ;
 If only we are faithful, with angels join we may,
 The *wine cup* only absent, on that our *wedding day*.

SARAH JANE HOWSONK.

(AN ACROSTIC).

Air : *Auld Lang Syne*.

Should youthful friendship be forgot, while in the prime of
 life,
 And not repeat one joyous strain, the day thou'rt made a
 wife ;
 Respited be the heart, that can refuse its tuneful lay,
 And not pour forth its cheerful song on this thy wedding
 day.

Chorus—Success to Will and Sarah Jane,
 To our two youthful friends,
 And may their lives be full of joy,
 Of love that never ends.

Honoured be the golden hour, in which their love is plighted
 Join heart to heart, hand to hand, then trials soon are
 slighted ;
 Apply thyself most studiously to please thy husband Will,
 Never, never, shirking duty, but doing duty still. *Chorus*.

Ever onward, upward looking, for grace and strength anew,
 Hour, every hour, watching thy husband, self, and crew ;
 Often in the eventide, of nuptimorial bliss,
 When boisterous storms are raging, or troubles come amiss.
Chorus.

Singing aloud for very joy, may you be found I pray,
 Or looking back with merry heart, on this thy wedding day ;
 Now may your lives be long and sweet, have always one
 green spot ;
 Kindly accept this bridal cake, and pray forget me not.

Chorus.

THE YOUNG BEE.

One fine sunny morning, when the flowers were in full bloom
 Then the bees were all at labour, careless of winter's gloom,
 But a young one, flushed and sprightly, more vain than all
 the rest,

Thought he too must needs be busy, and be by labour
 blest.

He spread his wings, then hummed away, and wheeling
 round and round,

Thought all the bees and butterflies must think him quite
 profound ;

Next in search of sweetest honey, his spirits gay and free,
 He pounced upon a pretty flower which his eyes did see.

It was a fine red colour, rich, attractive, sparkling, fair,
 Ha ! silly bee, thou knowest not a serpent's sting is there.
 He took a draught of the poison laid, then he sipped again,
 " It cheers my spirits, warms my heart, and stimulates my
 brain."

Just then an old bee came in sight, with honey you may
 know,

But being tired, rested besides, this flower of woe ;

The young bee took another draft, and bid him drink as
 well,

But said the old bee, " no, my friend, if truth I now must
 tell : "

" I once was tempted by that bait, and drank all sense
 away,

I made myself a maniac, for one entire day ;

'Twill rob thee of thy strength of limb, 'twill steal thy sight
 and brain,

And if thou knew one half its ills, thou surely would
 abstain."

With this the old bee flew away, with honey to the store,
The young bee thought him but a fool, and sipped and
 sipped the more ;
But drowsiness, and closing day, caused him to think of
 home,
He raised himself, spread out his wings, tried from the
 spot to roam.

His strength seemed gone, his eyes were dull, his head
 seemed wheeling round,
He flew and dashed against a bough which felled him to
 the ground ;
Returning with his second load, the old bee flying by,
Saw his wretched friend's condition, and to his help drew
 nigh.

When after lying panting there, though scarcely half alive,
He bid him crawl, and try his best, and thus they reached
 the hive.

His limbs, and spirits, sorely faint, he slept the night away,
And consciousness returned again just at the dawn of day.

His conduct, from the Queen of bees, a reprimand then
 drew,
Who kindly cautioned him to watch, when off again he
 flew,
Resolving he would work as hard as any in the swarm ;
The fine red bait his eye espied, and thought he'd take no
 harm.

If he was very temperate, indulged in just a drop ;
So thinking he'd be moderate, and for a moment stop,
He took one tiny little sip, delicious stuff thought he ;
He sipped, and sipped, and sipped again, till he could
 scarcely see.

The old bee flying past again with honey to the store,
He shook his head, was sad at heart, he feared the worst
 was o'er ;
A wasp enraged, the young bee stung, and sent him reeling
 home,
The Queen of bees then counselled him, lest he again should
 roam.

The third day came, the bee went out, the flower met his eye,
Alas ! it seemed more beautiful as he was drawing nigh ;
He sipped again its poisonous juice, he could not now resist ;
He drank full deep ; his eyes once bright seemed clouded o'er with mist.

The day was spent when home he flew, there came a storm of rain,
This drove him in a muddy ditch, and soon he there was slain ;
Perceiving that his end was nigh, he viewed his wretched fate,
And ofttimes wished he'd warning took, before it was too late.

And now how many girls and boys, in this our favoured land,
Are dabbling with the drunkard's cup (this flower) in their hand !
How many of these vile man-traps, tinselled with gilt and show,
Have stung our friends and relatives, and worked their overthrow !

How often from the church and school have friends been snatched away,
How many here have parents sunk in premature decay !
Can Christian men rest silent, or be neutral in the fight ?
No, no my friends, it cannot be, God only cheers the right.

We must buckle on our armour, and drive strong drink away,
We must get young as well as old, in Temperance paths to stay ;
We must have some great Option Bill, that people may decide
Whether or not these drinking shops, shall in our streets abide.

We must seek by earnest labour, by faith and works and
love,
To pull Drink's mighty bulwarks down, trusting to God
above ;
Then happy days will surely dawn, the evils will subside,
The drunkards then will all be free, and God be glorified.

MY PLAYMATES, WHO WHERE SEVEN.

William, again I take my pen in hand, bid frivolous
thoughts away !

And wish thee truest happiness, on this thy wedding day ;
We were good friends in early life, our numbers then were
seven,

But one has long forsook our ranks, and shineth now in
Heaven.

We two have handled bat, and ball, and marbled in our
time,

And to the memory of those days, I dedicate this rhyme ;
A thought now strikes me as I pass, so pray thee come
along,

We'll separate our friends again from out the busy
throng.

We first commence with Mr. Shaw, whose features we
recall,

He still doth live in memory, and in the hearts of all,
He left this fair bright land of ours, and crossed the ocean
blue.

There took unto himself a wife, which thou wilt shortly do.

Next on the list is H. O'Hare, for mirthfulness and wit,
He beat us all in early life, yet he with girls has split ;
He too has entered life at full, and now he's rather busy,
Like thee, my early present friend, he too has got his
Lizzie.

Then Mr. Aspden comes the next, the tallest of our lot,
He too succeeded in his plan, and now a wife has got,
Such thoughts did seldom trouble us, when he our friend
became,

Yet 'ere the present day hath past, thou too wilt have the
same.

Then Mr. Fox, though last, we cannot leave him quite,
 He too has got, 'tis really true, his dearest Margaret
 (W)right,
 Since this did come, not many months, nor weeks, have
 passed away,
 But thou, my early friend, it's said, will have a wife to-
 day.

The next, the fair, the brightest one, alone by faith we
 see,
 The flower of all our little flock, his name was Richard P.;
 His life was fraught with lessons good, and void of actions
 mean,
 May we, dear friend, some useful thought, or lasting lesson
 glean.

Time, time is short, death, death must come, and life give
 up its span,
 Are we prepared to meet our God, or weep with fallen
 man?
 'Tis true, we meet no more on earth, as we were wont in
 seven,
 But we may meet with Jesus Christ around the throne in
 heaven.

So now, good bye, look up thy friends, but count me not
 a blank,
 I am the only faithful one, true to our single rank ;
 When twelve more months have quickly passed I then the
 girls shall scan,
 So if you have them at your feast, say I'm a ladies' man.

Pray give my compliments to each and ev'ry girl that's
 there,
 And say I hope their happiness and comforts still to
 share;
 So now, dear friend, I say Farewell, for here my pen must
 stay,
 Still I shall always think of thee, and this thy *Wedding*
Day.

NUPTIAL VOWS REPLIGHTED.

'Tis five years, Jane, this very day,
Since we were both united;
It sometimes seems but yesterday
Since those vows were plighted.

Five tardy winters we have passed,
Five times through frost and snow,
With weary limbs and aching hearts,
Our plodding feet did go.

Five times we've basked in summer's sun,
And gathered Autumn's grain;
Five times we've watched the springing flowers,
Bedewed with April's rain.

Five times, yea more than five,
Hardships have racked our brain;
Now these have passed, and happy times
With joy have come again.

Within the past five years, my love,
Of mingled joy and strife,
Two little pearls of brightest hue
Have come to bless our life.

Thank God for these, we're justly proud,
And dare not crave for more
Than *Health*, and *Peace*, and *Virtue* here
Be kept for them in store.

Once more, dear Jane, we'll plight our vows,
And snugly sail along;
Life's treacherous waves are held by God,
In whom our faith is strong.

Yes once more Jane, we'll hoist our sail,
With cheerful heart and brow,
And if contrary winds should blow,
We'll trust in God as now.

Pursuing still our onward cause,
With willing hands and hearts,
Not heeding man's unkindness,
Nor Satan's fiercest darts

For five, or five and twenty years,
Whatever God may choose,
With His full grace and strength vouchsafed
The battle we'll not lose.

Then give to me one natal kiss,
And press thy hand in mine ;
We'll pledge our early vows afresh,
But not with mocking wine.

God bless our dearest little pearls,
And bless thy natal day ;
To Him we humbly bow the knee,
And grateful homage pay.

And when our toil and duty's done,
And life's work is no more,
We'll plight our natal vows again
Beyond death's gloomy shore.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

Yes, darling, since nature gave you birth,
Two years have passed to-day,
With varying scenes of ebb and flow,
Of actual work and play.

With health and sickness interwove,
When you were cutting teeth ;
From falls and scars of various kinds
I feared you'd come to grief.

But still you're full of joy to-day,
And have your friends to tea ;
A more gen'ral prattling little boy
I never chanced to see.

You now can run, and laugh, and jump,
And scream like other boys;
Like them you tear your picture-books,
And always break your toys.

You are looking bright and strong now,
And full of youthful life;
'Tis mothers's wish to see you grow,
And spurn all needless strife.

Her heart's best wish, and brightest hope's
To see you grow a man;
This wish you'll soon reciprocate
By helping all you can.

Your Grandma prays for health and peace
To you her darling boy,
And dada feels he's really blessed,
Though sometimes you annoy.

With Grandma's wish, and Mamma's smile,
And dada too at play,
Thus merrily with friends you pass
Your second natal day.

THE NEPHEW'S LETTER.

I'm five years old to-day, Aunt Alice ; what changes have
we seen
Since first I breath'd the breath of life, five years this
Friday e'en ;
Mother was then a cheerful youth, with health and vigour
blest,
But five short years have served to show how soon we all
may rest.

When scarce two years had passed away, with scenes of
mingled joy,
A little playmate then was born—our Alfred, darling boy ;
With him I've had some merry times, and hope to have
them still ;
Would you were here to join our games, and guard us both
from ill.

My Mother loved us both so dear with love that's deep
and true,
And, Auntie, Alfred bears the same,—sweet love for me
and you ;
Now full three years, since he was born, have quickly
passed away,
But left their marks of saddening grief, of anguish, and
decay.
Still one bright star shines through the gloom, and casts
a glimni'ring ray
That makes me feel a glow of warmth on this returning day ;
A little sister, brightest gem, my God to me has given,
And she'll be Mamma now on earth, in place of Ma in
Heaven.
Our little sister now is well, and's nicely growing too,
While Alfred gets a fine big boy, and sends his love to
you ;
Good-bye, dear Auntie, for our good you'll ever kindly pray,
And we'll not forget to think of thee on each eventful day.

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Your note now lies before me, and crushing is its tone ;
Sufficient are its contents, to make one really groan ;
I did expect that better news, I soon should hear from
you,
But the darkest clouds seem hanging *unbroke* by morning
dew.
You cannot feel as I have felt, the pangs of keenest love,
And bear those feelings blighted by a meek and angel dove.
But you can feel and know the strength of love that's deep
and true,
And so, dear Grace, I ask again a sweet response from you.
Your letter of this morning is decisive, short, and plain,
But still I trust thy gen'rous heart will hear me once
again ;
For years I've sought thy affections, and tried thy love to
get,
For years I've claimed thee as my own, but not succeeded
yet.

For years I've scanned and watch'd thy life, and ladies
seen a few,
But none have ever shown the charms that I have seen in
you ;
Health, virtue, strength, intelligence, a heart that's meek
and kind,
Is all, my dearest Grace, 'tis true, I've sought in thee to
find.

Reverse now thy deession, *love*, permit an interview,
We may then, battling on through life, each other's strength
renew ;
Then will bitterest hours be sweet, and darkest clouds be
bright ;
Awaiting now thy answer, Grace, I wish thee, dear, Good
Night.

CUPID'S REQUEST.

I long have wished, and sought to find, in thee a noble
wife,
Once more I ask thy gracious heart to crown my single life,
Yes, one more favour still I ask, though seem it strange
to you,
Permit me, dearest friend on earth, one private interview.

I ask this with a heart sincere, with feelings deep and true,
And trust with Cupid's brightest smile a sweet response
from you :

Please, at your first convenience, an answer send by post,
Nor keep me waiting longer than a few more days at most,

For waiting love, the hours seem days, and days seem
weeks to me,
And weeks seem months, and months seem years, if I am
not with thee ;
Do grant an interview, I pray—please, name the time
and place,
When I can shake the soft sweet hand of thee, my dearest
Grace.

WILLIAM HOLLAND

AN ACCROSTIC.

W illiam, I now congratulate thee on this thy nuptial day,
 I t ever will be thought of, while reason holds her sway,
 L aid on the page of history, through the future 'twill
 remain,

L ike a giant thou hast nobly fought thy better-half to gain
 I n seasons of adversity, in pleasure's calm retreat,
 A nd in the eventide of life, may thy partner still be sweet,
 M ay your shadows never lengthen, nor your brightest day
 decline.

H old on in hope through bitter winds, let virtue's path
 be thine,

O r, if stormy seas should threaten you, while standing
 on the shore,

“L et not your hearts be troubled,” believe in God the
 more;

L et reason guide your future course, while quitting mortal
 life,

A nd we shall say, as each one should, how noble man and
 wife!

N ought then on earth your joy can mar, one favour now
 I pray:

Despise not this acrostic upon thy *Wedding Day*.

TO A LADY FRIEND.

Dear madam, as my daily task of labour's at an end,
 I gladly wing to thee a line, and claim thee as a friend,
 The pleasure of thy company, derived last Sunday eve,
 I find has brought to thee heart pains, which I would now
 relieve.

'Twas not, except for purest love, that any fan was made,
 Nor wishing any sanctity or feeling to degrade;
 But in the highest purest sense, and keeping with the day,
 That gen'rous hearts and loving friends, with joy should
 pass away.

Think not that I in thought, or deed, did any harm intend,
'Twas only that our hearts and souls might in one union blend ;
Should any sentence uttered then cause thee a moment's pain,
I humbly crave thy pardon, Miss, and beg it yet again.

Pray give my best respects to each and all attending thee.
Expecting still their happiness and heartiness to share ;
Include in this, my dear, the Kneils and Cheethams, if you can,
Forgetting not your dearest self, nor Jacob's Harriett Ann.

And though I now would here conclude, it is with deep regret,
For ringing in my ear are tones of sweetest laughter yet ;
I fancy that I hear them still, though they are out of sight,
Excuse me therefore wishing all a hearty, true, *Good Night.*

ALUM SCARR.

One Saturday, 'twixt two and three,
The friends in Preston Road had met,—
The members of our Rambling Club,
Whose hearts on Alum Scarr were set.
We skipped along the oft trod road,
Nor paused till passing Billinge Wood,
We turned and viewed the distance, where
Several handsome mansions stood.

The sun was shining beautiful,
The landscape fine, and clear, and bright,
With even friends as weather clerk
It scarcely could have been more right.
The noble house at Wycollar,
With Troy was good to see ; but yet
The church, like domicile of Thwaites,
By far's the country spot for me.

We scanned the hills of Westmoreland,
 And saw where mingling waters meet ;
 Where ocean and the Ribble join
 Near Lytham shores, so free and sweet.
 We saw the sunlit waters pass
 With ships (like specks) upon her tide ;
 To Barrow and to Morecambe sands,
 Our vision there could easily ride.

We reached the gates of Alum Scarr ;
 Being armed with kind permission,
 Descended by its shaley side,
 Pleased to view its rare condition ;
 The hardstone rocks, and hanging cliffs,
 In nature's best though rugged style,
 We viewed and gazed attentively ;
 Then pausing speechless for awhile.

We were shown where the lifeless clay
 Of a friend and brother man was found,
 Who had stripped in a drunken mood,
 And then fell on the rocky mound ;
 He had roamed from the beaten track,
 And while failing his path to win
 Had died and bleached with summer's sun ;
 A sad mark of the nation's sin.

We journeyed by a min'r'al stream,
 While we gathered the oakleaf fern
 By craggy steep and grassy plain,
 The beauties of nature to learn.
 By branching trees and mingling wood,
 By nature's lovely mossy dell,
 Reminding one of forest dens
 Where Absolam in ruin fell.

We reached at length the rippling brook
 Where Darwen and Blakewater ride,
 Reflecting their beauty in shades
 As mingling so sweetly they glide,
 Ascending the highest rugged cliff,
 Exhausting our natures outright,
 We gained with the summit a welcome,—
 A hearty and joyous respite.

Surveying the landscape for miles,
 And viewing the sewerage scheme,
 We thought how the skill was acquired
 To carry the pipes o'er the stream.
 We thought of our rates and their burdens,
 How pressing, how heavy, and sore,
 Yet pleased with the scheme so gigantic,
 We thought we would grumble no more.
 With thirst unassuaged we retreat,
 But hope we shall visit again
 The wood with its green mossy slope,
 Along with its rich verdant plain.
 We halt on the homeward path, yea
 But to drink of the nectar spring ;
 To pick up the wayside fossil,
 Or list to some bird on the wing.
 You may search to the cliffs of Dover
 In vain for a sunnier spot ;
 To the North, or Cornwall may go
 E'er a match for its beauty you've got.
 I've travelled by road and by rail,
 Seen landscapes at home and afar,
 But never a ramble pleased me
 More, than the one to *Alum Scarr.*

THE ONE YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

It is drawing towards the back end of the year,
 And Christmas, as usual, will shortly appear ;
 I propose to examine, as I've usually done,
 My condition and prospects, ere I go on.

I take in rotation, thus each thing will follow ;
 I shall find which is sound, and know which is hollow
 Religion, moral, mental, yea, each must combine,
 Social, physical, financial, also are mine.

Religion o'er all then, stands first on the list,
 Its flag's ne'er been lowered, nor clouded with mist ;
 Some nice, tidy progress at least has been gained,
 For one year's march is o'er, and its banner unstained

Morality—a kinsman or relative is he.
While standing on shore, I've been tempted to sea ;
But possessing a will both resolute and strong,
I've always forsaken the knowingly wrong.

Yea, e'en in November when the contest ran high,
I was able to keep this morality nigh ;
And when many at that time their hearts would de-
grade,
Against my worst feelings a triumph was made.

Next mental—not moral—but relating to mind ;
How much improvement now in this do I find ?
The balance for the year, on this side is too small,
Nor will the scales rise, 'tis feared, above par at all.

An insight of humanity may really be gained,
With a lesson on fossils merely attained ;
The school of experience (where all men are taught)
With adversity's school has a few lessons brought.

These make up the sum from each separate college,
Excluding of course all newspaper knowledge.
My social position yet remains much the same,
Perhaps more embarrassed, still I'm hardly to blame.

My physical condition may next be explained,
And at once I must state, no good has been gained ;
For cold after cold, aye since midsummer last,
Have left me with chest near closed up and fast.

With a cough which has caused a little degression,
Sending blood to the head, preventing digestion ;
My weight, too, has also begun to diminishe.
So must find out the cause, and bring to a finish.

My pecuniary balance is next to relate--
This cannot be small, for 'tis moderately great ;
Yes, 'tis really well done, nor wish I for much more,
It being five pounds within just a full score.

The principle last year stood at *forty and seven*,
This year *sixty-two*, when it's finally given ;
So onward's my motto ; despair be thou hurl'd ;
I mean to continue, and rise in the world.

With a heart full of hope, and of kindness and love,
I'm seeking my way to the Heaven above.
With a heart full of fun, and keen hatred to sin,
I mean the *New Year* with *new* strength to begin.

Then let God be my Judge as through life I shall go,
Resolved to be upright, and care but for woe ;
May I finish my course, as beloved as His Son,
And hear the wished plaudit—“ *thou's nobly well done.*”

AN ARGUMENT FOR PROHIBITION.

Then virtuous peace and plenty
Would once more bless our Isle.

Then Heaven, with our loved ones there,
Most cheerfully would smile

Then *moral suasion* (people's rights)
Pressed with her winning voice,
May woo successfully for all,
And win the nation's choice.

Then human nature, sorely tried,
With all her failing parts,
May prove victorious once for all,
Thus check the drink fiend's darts.

Then all that's God-like (Heaven-born),
The pure and good within,
May cope successfully with ills,
And crush the nation's sin.

Then, as John Bright once nobly said,
Our land so changed will be ;
So changed, we'll scarcely know these Isles
That boast the brave and free.

Then Europe's sons and daughters, would
Closely love each other,
And recognize in fallen' man,
Son, and heir, and brother.

Then Christian lights, now often dimm'd,
 By brain-destroying drink,
 Would shine more radiant in the world—
 Raising from ruin's brink
 The souls for whom our Christ hath died,
 And man to Heaven would rise ;
 Returning home from whence he came,
 To God and Paradise.

TO MR. AND MRS. WALMSLEY.

Dear Sir and Madam,

I've often wished and thought to write
 To you a line or two,
 That you might know I'm still alive,
 With lots of work to do.

I'm just in trim for starting now
 To find some angel form,
 That will share with me the many joys
 And tempests of life's storm.

Please think of me in your pursuits
 And rounds of daily life.
 When, supplicants before the throne,
 You kneel as man and wife.

There ask that I may guarded be
 By God's especial care ;
 Forget me not when you converse
 In night and morning prayer.

When you can make a friendly call,
 A home you'll find with me ;
 Thrice welcome I shall say to you,
 And smile your face to see.

Pray give my earnest, deepest love,
 To all your friends at home,
 For I shall ever feel for these
 Where'er I chance to roam.

MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

Died July 3rd; interred at Kilburn Cemetery, July 8th, 1878.

What ! and is Mrs. Balfour gone to her grave !

Alas ! it is verily true ;

We shall never more look on her genial face,
Nor glow with the warmth that she threw.

She will never more move her sensitive pen,

Nor beckon us on in the track ;

Oh ! bid not these tears to cease in their flow,
A wife and a mother we lack.

'Tis true she has met with the great and the good,

A merit she richly deserved ;

With frankness of heart, and a bright winning smile
Her kinsmen and Maker she served.

Farewell then, dear lady, thy form is now clay,

I would I were only thy son,
To inherit thy virtues, purpose, and aim,
Moreover the crown thou hast won.

Thy death, Mrs. Balfour, reminds me of one

Who's mingling with spirits on high ;
The *dearest* and *nearest* of all earthly friends,
The choicest of flowers soon die.

Another instalment in Heaven thou art,

Invested by sons here below,
Whose shares in that city of gold cannot fail,
With spirits like thine they must grow.

The last resting-place which holds sacred thy dust,

Yea Kilburn, shall echo in song,
As the Westminster Abbey of thee and the true,
Of thee and the cold water throng.

Thy works shall still live, and proud Bacchus shall
fall

(Humanity's darkest foul blot) ;
We'll plant o'er thy grave, till foul drinkdom's a slave
The bright blue forget-me-not.

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

What work forsooth, though void of truth,
Our Chapels and Churches show ;
What grand retreats with cushioned seats
For the few that come and go.

What care for self, for life and wealth,
With neighbours bowed in sadness ;
What ill alone can these atone,
Or tend to give true gladness.

How much is spent, or may be lent,
To trim the organ nicely,
While six day beats have few receipts
(Sure) all in Christ are Christly.

Church walls of stone may loudly groan,
And shout the whole world over ;
“The inner few” (and outside too),
Have greatest love for clover.

Still there’s a Brown in every town,
Who eases human sorrow ;
While Church is split, nor helps one bit,
(And John gets hanged to-morrow).

True, good men sail, and would prevail
With a loving brother’s care ;
But Church is dumb, no help doth come,
And souls are wrecked on prayer.

True, Churchmen speak with tongue and cheek,
Ask why to Church we don’t go,
We answer brief,—it’s no relief,
You love for our wrongs is slow.

Ills unredressed leave us oppressed ;
For sympathy we must roam,
While you preach right, but court with might,
Your church is a hell, not home.

You bow and scrape, trying to ape
The worst of the world for chink,
You play the fool, gamble in school,
With raffles, bazaars, and drink.

We've marked your creeds, we've watched your
deeds ;
What diff'ring dogmas you tell ;
We've seen you teach, we've heard you preach
A dissenter's burning hell.

We've found within all outside sin,
That's due to the unwashed throng ;
While these are there, just please forbear,
And strive for a brighter song.

HOME.

Home's the most sacred of earthly resorts,
The place of our birth, endeared by fond sports ;
Where bright sunny days seemed lasting and long,
Where heart in its joy would break forth in song.

Home of youth's manhood, with children and mate,
Makes earth seem as Heaven in right regal state ;
While each are agreed truth's footsteps to trace,
Then Heaven's reflected, and beams in each face.

Home's but the one spot, where heart finds its rest,
With friends just in touch, true-hearted, and best ;
But home is not where there's tinsel and gold ;
Where hearts disagree the hearthstone is cold.

True home strikes a chord of tenderest thrill,
And's mighty for Heaven, or powerful for ill ;
Home should be guarded with life's jealous care,
No foul encroachments should ever come there.

Home is where the soul can find its repose,
When weary and worn at day or life's close ;
Home is the factory for Heaven or Hell,
Which, just as we choose, its products we tell.

Though life's then so short, it's sweetened by home,
That heart, soul, and mind, may wish not to roam ;
Let's live then while here, that we at life's close,
May meet with our friends, where hearts can repose.

BLACKBURN TO THE FORE.

'Tis often said that Blackburn lads,
 And Blackburn lasses too,
Are far beyond their natural selves
 A baseless wicked crew.

There's few that gives to honest worth
 (Till death brings out to fame),
Or Blackburn's sons, and daughters too,
 Would earn a prouder name.

The slaves who fled their native lands,
 To FRANCIS SKINNER cried,
Who rested not till British air
 Their slave-born tears had dried.

And worthy sires who loved their cups,
 And tossed off glasses round,
Have through our BARTON and such friends
 A lasting Saviour found.

The Blackburn Pledge (like Blackburn Checks)
 To fame and fortune grew,
And Blackburn sons (their sires' seed)
 Still wear their bits of blue.

We shared the common work of man,
 The right divine of Kings,
And many for this freedom won,
 With buoyant heart still sings.

We fought for nonconformist rights,
 And still can fight again :
The lion which in Blackburn lurks,
 Can shake its powerful mane.

We fought the Bread Tax,—send machines
To earth's remotest bound ;
And where the spindle and the loom
There Blackburn sons are found.

We still appear in Counsel's gown,
And in each Councel fray
We've still our mighty men of mark
To mould the corporate clay.

We're to the front with Blackburn Parks,
Where health and life we share
We're foremost in the fight with steam,
Where STEPHENSON was square.

Thus Blackburn sons and daughters should
Put forth their very best,
For " he an ill-bird surely is
That fouls his native nest.

YOU, OF COURSE 'TIS YOU.

There's gold within the drunken sot,
Though in the sink he's laid ;
There's jewels in his beastly heart,
Which man hath never made.

There's love and life within his breast,
Though oaths his bosom swells,
Yet underneath the surface parts,
Our Master's image dwells.

And what say you hath come to taint
That brightest image so ;
True, true, the weight and acts of years
Did each their mites bestow.

But Drink is at its very base,
With customs and with laws,
Yet still the fact rebounds to you,
You were yourselves the cause.

No doubt but some will deem this strong,
And me intemperate think,
Yet who but those among yourselves
Hath made and bartered drink.

Who clothes the sipping with respect,
And makes it seemly too ;
Who votes for Rum to legislate,—
Why you, of course 'tis you.

Who drinks within their sacred Church,
And swells drink's victims too ;
Who loves it in the sacrament,
Why you, of course 'tis you.

Who melts their bodies with a drop
That soaks them through and through ;
Who taints the sot before he's born,
Why you, of course 'tis you.

Then, who is sponsor for the loss
Of every drinking crew,
And who must answer at God's bar,
Why you, of course 'tis you.

Then who, while time doth lend its aid,
Their life work should renew,
And snatch drink-slaves from death and hell,
Why you, of course 'tis you.

MY SWEETHEART'S PORTRAIT.

I see in that portrait the germs of success,
The one most of all I would fondly caress ;
That picture, in manhood, new life gave to me,
Making heart, mind, and soul more active and free.

It also reminds me of pleasures long past,
And brings to remembrance the griefs which at last
Overwhelmed my young soul, and pierced the heart through,
Which now, if you've patience, I'll tell unto you.

In the springtime of life, with friends buoyant and gay,
I met with that picture one fine summer's day.
The heart had its yearnings, became ill at ease,—
The aim of my life was that portrait to please.

For weeks there were aches ; salvation at length
Brought new joys to my heart, new hopes and new strength.
The fields then were dressed in their liveliest green ;
More beauty had nature than e'er I had seen.

While birds on the wing sang their merriest lay,
The children, like lambkins, were full of their play ;
Then life seemed to blossom in beauty and grace,
And nothing but sunshine was seen in each face.

Thus time it flew fast, and with but a few years
Three birds of affection had answered our prayers.
Then death laid its cold icy hand on her breast,
And soon was her spirit in realms of the blest.

And then as her clay to its resting was borne,
This heart from its socket had nearly been torn ;
Then places of interest soon lost their sweet charm,
Light went from the eyelids, and nerve from the arm,

The flowers which had scented the air with their bloom,
Now seemed to be mocking the grief that had come ;
And as in my anguish I lay racked with pain,
I saw in that photo her sweet face again.

Then thoughts of my childhood came back to my brow,
The brain seemed to rally, I there made this vow—
That in honour of her who speaks in that face,
That portrait, with me, should have but one place.

Many years have since passed, but still is it there ;
That photo's still hanging besides her armchair,
The chair where she sat, it speaks volumes to me,
For life shall that portrait remain where it be.

And death, when his summons should happen to call,
Till then shall that portrait hang on the old wall ;
Till life that is passing meets life that's to come,
I'll cherish that portrait right down to the tomb.

THE PLACE OF MY BOYHOOD.

The place of my boyhood yet ever so green,
Is where the mind wanders each day and each e'en,
Its picturesque scenes are enchanting to me,
The farmstead and rivulet I always can see.

Though beauty in landscapes afar may be found,
The place of my boyhood is most hallowed grouud ;
'Tis there where the mind first awakened to life,
'Tis there where the loved one first grew into wife.

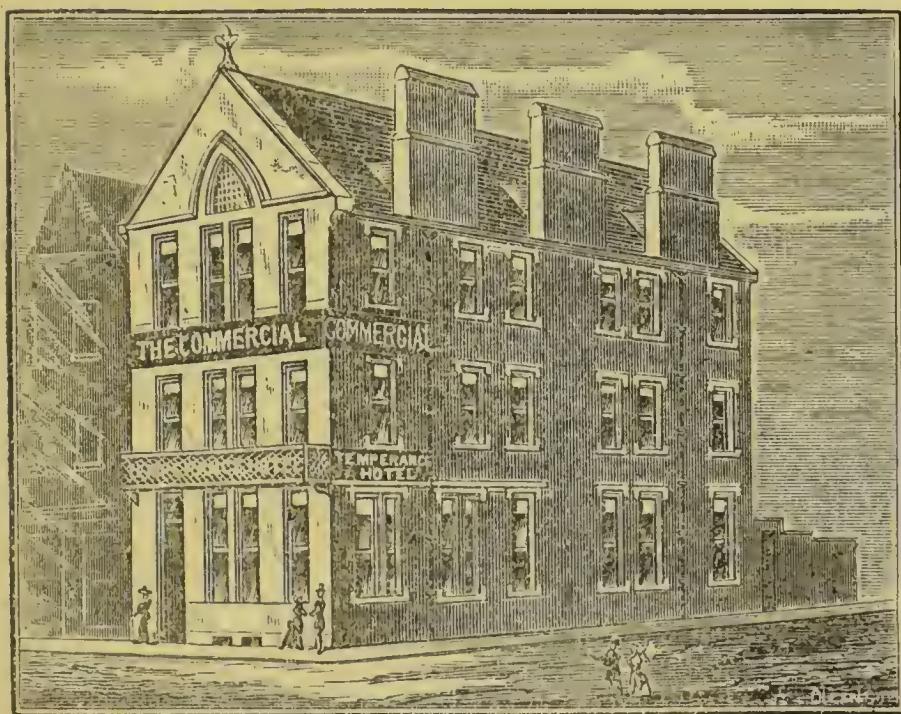
The fruits of affection (like bees) had their birth,
Still making more sacred that one place of earth ;
Then pleasures and toils which were ours each day,
Made life like a summer glide sweetly away.

The old folks are gone, in their birthplace they rest
With others that nestled right close to our breast ;
Since then many changes have wrinkled the face,
But still the heart yearns for a peep at th' old place.

The friends of my boyhood are scattered and gone,
Yet memory clings to the face of each one ;
If life till to-morrow with me should remain,
I'll visit these scenes of my boyhood again.



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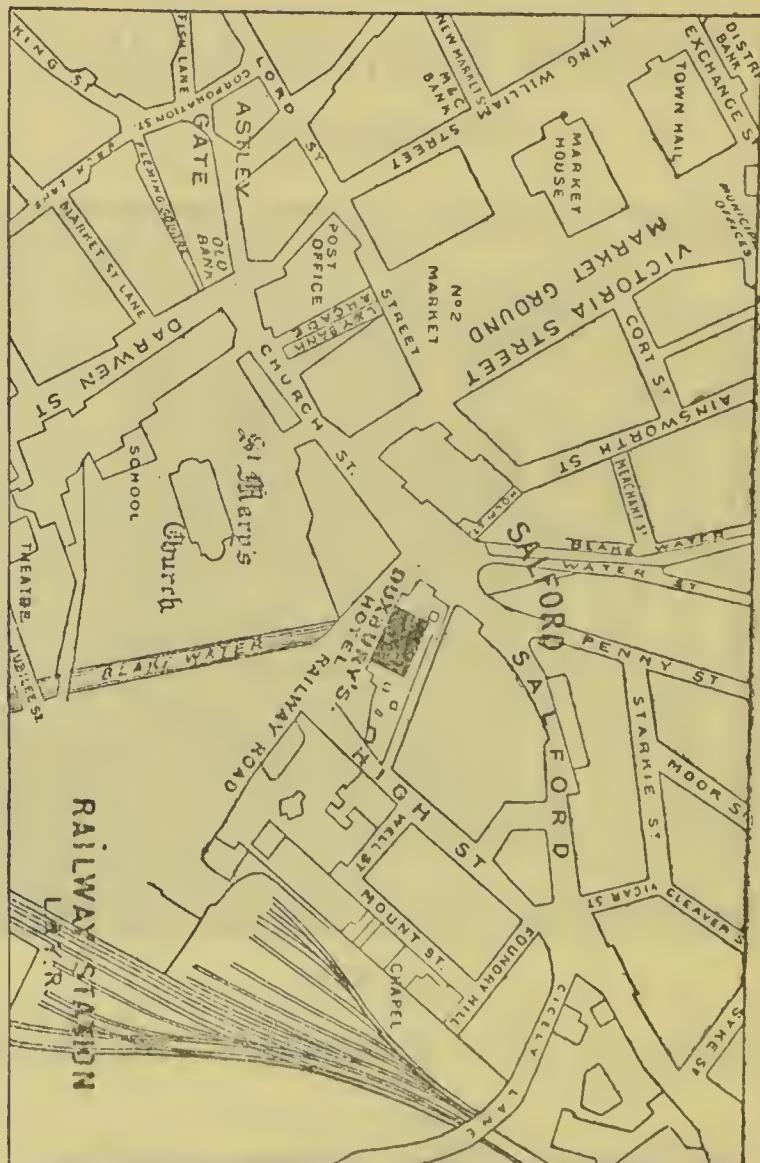
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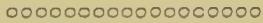
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